Susskind and Sevareid *Paul Goodman*

THE NEW REPUBLIC

February 23, 1963, 35 cents

The Cracked Alliance

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Is Cuba Ripe for Revolt?

Report from Havana by Edwin Tetlow

Here's Truman Capote

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T.R.B. *from Washington*

That's the Way It Works

★ Congressional leaders are acutely embarrassed by Rep. Adam Clayton Powell, Harlem Negro Chairman of the House Education & Labor Committee, because he is damaging the fair name of Congress and because they don't know what to do about it. There is the deeper reason, that the faults of Powell are the faults of Congress itself and that he symbolizes the inward decay of the institution.

Powell is chairman not by ability but by "seniority"; Powell's hold on his committee is because Congress makes all chairmen autocrats; Powell's use of counterpart funds to finance his scandalous trip to Europe with two pretty "secretaries" is one of the perquisites Congress holds out to various members who want to junket. Nor is this all.

Senator Williams (R, Del.) in an almost unprecedented attack on a member of the other House from the Senate floor pointed to $250,000 given Powell by a federal agency to finance a trial run of a Domestic Peace Corps (Murray Kempton tells about it in this issue of *The New Republic*), and to $11 million advanced to Powell and associates for a housing development. Congress has nobody to blame for this but itself. Congress is lax and lazy and has been slowly losing power to the White House for years because it has never created a system to control executive expenditures. Shrewd, handsome, elegant, dapper Powell is more reckless in abusing this system than others; he doesn't care, he is pastor of one of Harlem's biggest churches, has a valuable hide-away and pretty wife (on government payroll) in Puerto Rico. He may shortly abandon his ecclesiastical and legislative duties to settle there.

It is amusing that the man from Harlem is using the seniority system which has been the favorite device of racist Southerners for generations, and that House leaders are afraid to touch him lest they be accused of discrimination. But the real irony is that Powell can't be exposed without exposing the House itself; he is bringing Congress into contempt because Congress won't clean up its own archaic rules.

Kennedy's Double Worry

★ It's just about a toss-up in Washington, we think, whether Kennedy can keep the lid on the de Gaulle crisis or whether it will erupt in a grand, crypto-isolationist, "bring-the-boys-home," explosion. It coincides with a big budget deficit, an unfavorable exchange balance, higher tariffs on our farm exports, gold loss, and a variety of frictions over missile bases and trade with Moscow. Maybe it's just a coincidence, but the Pentagon's hint about bringing a few soldiers back from Europe should give West Germany second-thoughts.

A number of far-right Congressmen applaud de Gaulle. Maybe he is right in thinking that Moscow will fight Peking, says Barry Goldwater. Maybe we can relax a bit. Conservatives have wanted to cut foreign aid and troops abroad for years: think of the dollars it would save! And now it's not the Reds saying "Yanks go home!" but the French. The U-boats put isolationism into a bottle in 1946 but de Gaulle may bring it out again. President Kennedy has a double worry: intransigence in France and belligerence at home.

Shopping for a College?

★ Round the country at this time parents are eagerly college-shopping; we went to a typical get-together the other night – local hotel room, folding chairs, college banner, self-conscious parents and hopefuls covertly observing like voyagers sizing up fellow-travelers, local alumni giving jolly handshakes. Then movies in color: the Old Tower, football spirit, reverent picture of a "bull session" among students on religion; fade-out on Old Siwash among falling leaves.

It all sounded perfectly ducky, and answered nothing we wanted to know. What we wanted was not how our team ranked in the Conference, but how much the teachers were paid, and the teaching load.

After meditation we composed TRB's basic questions for college shopping (you are going to pay about the same amount anyway, you might as well get the model you like): 1. Does the library have 200,000 books? 2. Does a full professor get a minimum of $8,000 for nine months' work? 3. Do fraternities admit Jews, Catholics, Negroes? 4. Does a professor earn more than a football coach? If the answer to these questions is "No," to hell with Siwash.

Those Few Newspapers

★ The New York newspaper strike has meant seeing gloomy correspondents of those papers in Washington, and desperately searching for some out-of-town substitute for the *NYTimes*. Washington's own newspapers are pretty good, the ambitious *Post*, the solid *Star*, the tabloid Scripps-Howard *News* (with its monomania about federal spending) and the good neighbor, the Baltimore *Sun*. But they aren't the *Times*, *Herald-Tribune* and *NYPost*.

You never fully realize how bad most American dailies are till you face a crisis like this. We have tried reading the Philadelphia *Inquirer*, a journal which contributes to the intellectual emaciation of that city. In a grab bag opposite the editorial page it squeezes together features and columnists, cut down to fit, lopping off (we noticed) the climax of a thoughtful Lippmann column the other day, so that the rest of the article hardly made sense. No wonder *Time* and *Newsweek* find an audience.

Notes: Maybe Canada isn't as silly as some people thought; the Ottawa correspondent of the respected *Economist* (London) wrote: "Washington's self-abasement over a mildly indiscreet press statement appears to most responsible Canadians to have been somewhat excessive.... American fears of an outburst of anti-Americanism show a regrettably poor understanding of Canadian opinion." ... Senate Liberals failed, 54-42, to beat the filibuster (with a ⅔ majority required); they are now clearly in a majority, however – their states represent 124 million, opponents only 55 million.

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THE NEW REPUBLIC *A Journal of Opinion Volume 148 Number 8 Issue 2518 February 23, 1963*
Published weekly (except for omissions of four summer issues) and distributed by The New Republic, *1244 19th St., N.W., Washington 6, D. C. Phone: FEderal 8-2494. Single copy 35c. Yearly subscription, $8.00; Foreign, $9.00, Armed Forces personnel or students, $5.00. Advertising rates upon request. Subscribers desiring change of address should notify us at least three weeks in advance. Include old and new address.**Copyright© 1963 by Harrison-Blaine, Inc.**Item g. Second class Imprint, reading Second Class Postage Paid at Washington, D. C. Indexed in* Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature.

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Stop It Right Away!

Since the cold weather set in last month, there has been a sudden recrudescence of narrow nationalisms in the Atlantic Alliance: notably manifested by France and by Canada – but also by the United States. There is less excuse for this in the responsible leader than in the less powerful followers. Less excuse, and more danger.

James Reston, in a dispatch of February 7 to *The New York Times* (a paper published in Paris but not New York), reports that President Kennedy called all high officials of his government together at the beginning of the year and told them that, in dealing with the problems of our foreign relations, they should *find the vital interest of the United States first and keep that uppermost in mind.* Reston attributes the rough manner in which Washington dealt with the British over the cancellation of the Skybolt missile program, and with the Canadians over their nuclear policy, to such thinking. If this is, in fact, the line that has been laid down for the guidance of all high officials, then it should be reconsidered. It should be reconsidered because it is incompatible with the leadership of a free coalition.

The leadership of a free coalition depends on its acceptance by the other members. This will be forthcoming only if the other members are persuaded that the leader is as devoted to their interests as to his own. They will not follow him in a course based only on his own interest. Nor will they allow him alone to define the common interest.

The United States has been asking its European allies to confide their security to its nuclear striking-power, to put their trust in its willingness to use that power for the defense of their vital interests even at the greatest risk to its own vital interests. If, now, their own vital interests are to be made secondary, President de Gaulle will have been justified in his assertion that the leadership of the United States is not to be trusted.

Moscow, being the leader of an authoritarian bloc, has from the start had great powers of coercion to keep the other members in line. Nevertheless, when Stalin based Soviet policy on the primacy of Russian national interests, making the other Communist states accessory, Yugoslavia led a movement to break ranks. National Communism, first adopted by the Soviet Union, begot National Communism in the other Communist states.

Last October the Soviet Union showed the Cubans that their country was merely accessory to the pursuit of its own objectives; and if

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Havana had had an alternative to its association with Moscow it would surely have adopted it.

The alliance of Greek states against Persia worked fine until the leader, Athens, undertook to convert it into an instrument for the achievement of ends that were exclusively its own. Then it broke down and the Peloponnesian War ensued.

Are we saying that US national interests must be subordinated to the interests of others?

The answer is that, as long as the alliance under American leadership continues valid, our own national interests require us to cherish the vital interests of the others. The President's line, therefore, in the guise of giving our own national interests primacy, would actually sacrifice them. "This was sometime a paradox, but now the time gives it proof."

Commuters' Filibuster

If one thinks the 18 days of filibustering which have finally and mercifully ended in the Senate were wearing, they were. But not on the Senators. The main casualty – aside from the pressing business of government with which the Senate did not begin to grapple in its first month – was the filibuster itself. There have been nine filibusters in the Senate in the last 20 years. Each has had decreasing impact; now the exertion has become dull, in a ratio exactly matching the anachronism of Congressional procedures generally. Consider the dreary decline.

During the "extended debate" on the 1942 effort to outlaw the poll tax, Senators had to be dragged to the Capitol under pain of arrest to build a quorum. That was interesting. In 1947, a filibuster designed to delay the vote overriding President Truman's veto of the Taft-Hartley Law was climaxed by an 8½ hour observation by Sen. Glen H. Taylor of Idaho. Subject: fishing, baptism, Wall Street, and children.

Oregon's curmudgeon, Senator Morse, extended himself in 1953 with a speech lasting 22 hours and 26 minutes – a record at the time – against the "tidelands giveaway." In 1957, Sen. Strom Thurmond of South Carolina topped that with a 24-hour, 18-minute oration against the civil rights act of that year. These were the unyielding minority's shining hours.

Even the 1960 filibuster against civil rights legislation had some elements of suspense and endurance. Majority Leader Lyndon Johnson held the Senate in around-the-clock session for nine days in a strategy of exhaustion. Senators sipped eggnog for energy and slept on cots in cloakrooms. It was a gripping display.

By comparison, this year's talkathon was drab. The longest daily session was 5 hours and 55 minutes. It was a commuters' filibuster and accomplished nothing.

City Without Newspapers

New York had hoped for the last two weeks that its two-month-old newspaper strike was approaching an end. But Local Six of the typographical union and the publishers of the struck papers have ceased talking again. No outsider knows precisely why; but all now agree the strike will not end before mid-March.

The newspapers have had the slight satisfaction that television has failed as a substitute, and that without papers there can be no public dialogue. But has the public missed the dialogue? A Boston reporter walked about New York last week to see what the city's residents thought about the partisan quarrel over Cuba. More than half the persons he interviewed had not heard or seen Secretary McNamara's explanation on television of our Cuba surveillance, or the President's press conference the next day. They had no opinions worthy of notice.

Yet they seem surprisingly resigned to their loss; the Philadelphia and Newark newspapers which are being imported to fill the gap are in excess supply. What few conversations turn to the news are in the tenor of "Didn't something happen with de Gaulle?" What few surveys have been made of the morale of bereft readers say more about loss of business than loss of information. When the papers return, New Yorkers will reconstruct once again the synthetic façade of interest in great events. But they will know in their hearts how little they have missed. That knowledge is more disturbing to the future of newspapers than anything the striking printers could do.

Teamster Bonds

When the Landrum-Griffin Act provided in 1959 that labor union officers had to be bonded before handling union funds, there were few protests. Bonds are expensive, but so is an occasional dishonest official.

Last month, however, it became apparent that the bonding requirements had another and potentially more serious implication. James R. Hoffa and his colleagues at the International Brotherhood of Teamsters were not, it seemed, the sort of people that cautious, image-conscious insurance executives liked to bond. Not that the Teamster business was not lucrative. On the contrary. The Teamsters pay a three-year bonding premium of $270,000 against which they have suffered only $2,800 in losses over the past three years. Nevertheless, a series of broker telegrams to the 260 companies approved by the Treasury to write bonds for union officials revealed that none wanted the business. One company which took them on tentatively had to drop them when it could not get reinsurance on the $95

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millions of bonds. At the last minute Hoffa was bailed out by one of the largest US insurance companies.

Labor leaders, not only in the Teamster hierarchy but in more respectable AFL-CIO quarters, are uneasy about a situation which makes their tenure in office dependent upon the whims of insurance executives. Since for some obscure reason foreign insurers are not allowed to write bonds for union officials (prior to Landrum-Griffin the Teamsters were bonded by Lloyds of London), and since domestic bonding is a rather clubby affair, labor officials fear that they could be subjected to indirect business or government pressure through threats that they will lose their bonds. Since no explanation need be given when a bond is refused or cancelled, the safeguard of "due process" is missing.

With this in mind, a number of unions may urge Congress to amend the Landrum-Griffin Act so that refusal of a bond would not be grounds for removal from union office. Unless the bonding companies will make themselves accountable to the public for refusing bonds, which they show no signs of wanting to do, this seems needed to safeguard union independence.

Smart Southern Politics

When Harvey Gantt registered at Clemson College in late January, South Carolina, the first state to secede, became the last to integrate. Escorted by a hundred highway patrolmen, Gantt, the son of a Negro shipyard worker in Charleston, walked across soil once tilled by Calhoun's slaves to carry out the order of the Court of Appeals that he be admitted without delay. With Governor Donald Russell determined to handle the registration "peaceably, according to our standards of justice and decency," there were no incidents.

In the past a Governor of South Carolina could have built a political career around going to jail in fighting the federal courts. ("Cotton Ed" Smith marched up the aisle and out of the 1936 Democratic Convention when a Negro minister rose to deliver the invocation.) In 1962, however, a neo-Populist alliance of white workingmen and Negroes emerged as the most powerful single force in South Carolina politics. Bridging the chasm of the race issue, the liberal coalition swept all three major state-wide elections. Governor Russell's firm handling of the Gantt case is thus more than a reflection of moral purpose; it is smart politics.

With younger Goldwater types zealously deserting the Democrats for the GOP, leaving the moderates and liberals in control, the Dixiecrat veterans of '48 will in several years be consigned to limbo. Following the example of Georgia's Sen. Herman Talmadge, South Carolina Democrats are swinging more solidly behind the Kennedy Administration. "Strom's scared," it is said, and with reason. If Thurmond chooses to run for reelection to the Senate in 1966, he will be highly vulnerable in the South Carolina Democratic primary. "Race is no longer the campaign issue it once was," a hopeful Negro leader in the state said recently. "All sensible politicians know they need our support to win statewide or national elections." Jefferson Frazier

A Way to Disarmament?

When the 17-nation disarmament conference reconvened in Geneva last week, the same hopeless notes were rung by editorialists – if they bothered at all to comment. But are these negotiations really so hopeless? Might there not be a way around familiar road blocks?

It is fashionable for military experts to dream about disarming an enemy through a first strike, which would more or less completely destroy the enemy's means of attack. There are, however, many difficulties in the way. Some enemy targets are hidden behind a veil of secrecy, others are mobile or protected through "hardening" (for instance, through placement in underground silos). Even if all enemy targets could be located in time, many planes and missiles would not be able to reach them. Anti-aircraft defenses are likely to destroy most attacking planes, and the missiles are quite prone to accidents and are not sufficiently accurate to destroy well-protected enemy missiles on a one-for-one basis. Only if the attacker is extremely lucky and is able to destroy a large number of bombers on airfields before they have a chance to take off, is it possible to contemplate favorable exchange rates between the number of the delivery vehicles lost by the attacker and the number of enemy vehicles destroyed in the attack. It is usually expected that the attacker will lose two, and perhaps three or four, vehicles for each one of the enemy's he destroys.

Now, if disarmament were considered in first-strike terms rather than as an abstract proposition, the military planner would have to ask himself the following question: What is more risky for my country and more costly in military terms – a first strike, or a reasonable disarmament agreement? If the question is approached in this manner, most extraneous issues fall by the wayside. In particular, the problem of verification of retained levels of armament or of new production becomes irrelevant. The only thing that matters is whether the reciprocal destruction of delivery vehicles is based on a more or less favorable exchange ratio than the reciprocal destruction of delivery vehicles which would be the principal result of a first strike. A one-for-one exchange is clearly a bargain, a two-for-one is still advantageous, and even a three- or four-for-one exchange might be less risky than a first strike. Conse-

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quently, a disarmament agreement in which the United States would agree to destroy a strategic delivery vehicle for each Soviet strategic delivery vehicle similarly destroyed would be even more effective than a first strike against the USSR in diminishing the damage which could be inflicted by the Soviet strategic force on the US. Even an asymmetric bargain, for instance three-for-two or two-for-one, would seem to provide greater security to the United States than a first strike.

It might be noted also that the disagreement between ourselves and the Russians on inspection does not extend to this type of inspection. The Soviet Union has always accepted our right to verify the destruction of weapons, and while arguments might arise over details, they seem likely to be less difficult than those which have arisen over other forms of inspection.

The question thus would seem to be only what kind of an exchange ratio would be acceptable to the Soviet Union. According to a comparison prepared by the Institute of Strategic Studies in London, which is often quoted by the Soviet delegates at the Geneva Disarmament Conference, the Western bloc is supposed to have, as of January 1, 1963, 3,074 strategic delivery vehicles, while the Soviet bloc is alleged to have 2,363. If the Soviet Union should agree to cut these numbers on a one-for-one basis, the West might be willing to accept the fact that among the Soviet vehicles there is a smaller proportion of long-range missiles and bombers than among the NATO vehicles. There should also be no objection to approximating the actual numbers by a four-to-three exchange.

If the United States could thus achieve the destruction of some 1,800 Soviet delivery vehicles at a cost of 2,400 US vehicles, from the strategic point of view this would be an excellent bargain, more effective than any first strike could conceivably be. One could even say that properly balanced disarmament is a modified first-strike policy: enemy vehicles are destroyed in advance of any possible attack at a favorable exchange ratio, without any difficulties about targeting and without any worries about last-minute malfunctions and possible human and mechanical errors. First strike through disarmament might thus be our best strategic policy.

LOUIS B. SOHN

FOREIGN REPORTS

Confusion in Canada

★ The life of the Progressive-Conservative ministry of Prime Minister John Diefenbaker was always precarious after it emerged from the general election of June, 1962, with only 116 supporters among the 265 members of the House of Commons. Yet with the help of the Social Credit Party, 30 strong, it survived five votes of confidence before falling to pieces in the dispute over whether Canada should fulfill her promises to the US to arm her forces with nuclear weapons.

Lester Pearson and his Liberal Party are naturally jubilant over the break-up of the governing coalition and the deep dissension among their opponents. They feel confident that a widespread desire among the voters to see a stable government installed at Ottawa will give them a working majority after the election; perhaps, but the situation in their traditional stronghold, Quebec, is not promising. Four organizations in Quebec are conducting propaganda for what is called "separatism." The contention of French Canadian malcontents is that their "race" has been habitually treated as underdogs by Anglo-Saxons, that they have been denied their fair share of high posts in the federal civil service and in the management of financial and industrial corporations and that the French language and culture have been relegated to an inferior status. They demand equal partnership in Confederation and want Quebec to be described not as a province but as a "state."

There are signs that the Social Credit Party plans a strenuous campaign to exploit this "racial" ferment. It will argue that neither of the old parties can be relied on to do right by French-Canadians. The deputy leader

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of the Social Credit Party, Real Caouette, is a very emotional and eloquent demagoue. If, as some political experts predict, this allows the Social Creditors to make substantial gains in Quebec (where they now hold 26 Federal seats, against the Liberals' 35 and the Progressive Conservatives' 14), no party may have a working majority in the new House of Commons and Canadian politics will remain in calamitous confusion.

Khrushchev to the Rescue

★ Russia has been quick to move into the vacuum left by the failure of Britain's Common Market application, offering to order between $55 and $155 million of new ships from Britain (which has severe unemployment in its shipbuilding ports). The only hitch is that the British must buy some $22 million worth of Russian oil to help the Soviets generate foreign exchange to pay for their ships.

The big international oil companies have, of course, protested bitterly, for the Soviet oil will sell for $11.20 a ton instead of the cartel price of $14 a ton. But ever since Enrico Mattei exposed the arbitrary basis of cartel pricing by reorganizing Italy's oil purchases, Europeans have been skeptical about charges that the Soviets were deliberately trying to destroy "free enterprise" by "dumping" oil in the West. The fact seems to be that the Soviet and Rumanian oil fields are closer to West Europe than those of the Middle East or Caribbean, and that the Soviets cut prices for the same reason other newcomers do: to break into a glutted market.

Nevertheless, US trade negotiator Christian Herter has joined the oil magnates in protesting the projected deal. He is said to have reminded Britain of the dangers of economic dependence on the bloc, and to have noted that while Russian oil would initially account for only four percent of the British market (against 10 percent in Germany and 22 percent in Italy), this could be the edge of a wedge. This seems especially likely if Soviet pipelines into Europe are completed and Soviet oil prices further reduced. (These pipelines have been delayed by US pressure on Japan, Italy and Germany not to sell oil pipe to the USSR.)

US policy on East-West trade badly needs over hauling. With the bitter memory of having shipped scrap to Japan in the '30's, the US has barred shipments of "strategic" materials to the Bloc. But it has not been able to agree with its allies on a common definition of what is "strategic." If, for instance, it refuses export licenses for oil pipe, while Italy does not, it may hurt its own balance of payments worse than Soviet war potential. Additional problems arise from the continuing effort to bankrupt Cuba and China by not trading with them at all, while aiding Poland, which in turn aids Cuba. Finally, the US has no yardstick to decide when Soviet sales in the West should be classified as "dumping," when they are intended to disrupt Western markets, and when they are aimed solely at earning foreign exchange to buy Western industrial products.

"My Bigger Brother"

★ The revolutionary council in Iraq which by a swift and well-timed coup overthrew General Kassem, executing him and seven members of his government, has not yet had time to give any clear indication of what it would like to do next.

The new government contains several men who once worked with Kassem, later fell out with him, and now are promising to adhere to the ideals of the July 14, 1958, revolution through which the General came to power. Its members are nationalists in the sense that they are opposed to the Communists. (Eastern European technicians have found this out in most unpleasant ways during the past week and are clamoring to leave the country.) Several of them are members of the Baath Party, an ardent Arab union group which supports union with Egypt. Two are Kurds, against whom Kassem had been waging a desultory war in the north. (Various Kurdish radio stations have been broadcasting warm messages of support for the new regime.) Other ministers represent the army, and some have technical skills which makes their inclusion desirable.

The only figure in the new government known internationally is the president, Mr. Abdel Salam Aref. He became a national hero on July 14, 1958, by leading a brigade into Baghdad and storming the palace where the massacre of the royal family took place. This laid the ground for Kassem's take-over. In his deep affection for the General, Aref called him "my bigger brother," even when arousing Kassem's wrath by making pleas for unity with Nasser and speeches against the West and the Communists. These acts brought him the fate of other Arab politicians, namely being sent to Europe as a diplomat. Aref, however, refused to stay and, on return, was tried and sentenced to death for plotting a coup against Kassem. "How can I think of killing my bigger brother?" he asked the court at the time. The sentence led to widespread protest in Iraq and other parts of the Arab world; finally in a moment of generosity Kassem not only freed Aref but gave him back pay and a home and took dinner with him to celebrate his release.

The present extent of the President's powers is not known. It seems clear, however, that with nine of the 16 members of the new cabinet Baathists, the cause of Pan-Arab unity via Nasser's United Arab Republic is bound to be encouraged. This can only cause concern in Syria where the government is anti-Nasser and where the Baathists would have to resort to a coup.

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"BY AND LARGE, THE COMMUNISTS SEEM TO BE MAKING IT STICK"

Is Cuba Ripe for Revolt?

Havana

I had felt when I was in Cuba last September that almost all the steam had run out of Castro's revolution and that a weary and listless population was at last ripe for deliverance. This January, I left the United States expecting, as do so many Americans, that there might really be Cubans begging for bread along the Malecon or in the hot and dingy streets down by the waterfront; that the place would be thick with Russians and their arms and open authority; and that Fidel Castro would be cowering in a corner somewhere because he feared that he might at any moment be a target for an assassin or, at least, an effort to oust him.

The truth is very different. Mr. Khrushchev has carried out an effective rescue operation since he lost that important hand in the deadly game of Cold War poker last October. The Soviet Premier had been forced to withdraw offensive rockets because the United States showed him that if he did not do so he would probably find himself drawn into a war which he could not win. He thereupon set about considering how he might salvage something from the defeat. He realized that he had by no means lost all his considerable investment in Cuba and Fidel Castro. He could keep the decaying revolution going and preserve it as a thorn in the Kennedy flesh. It is said in Havana that Cuba probably cost the Russians about $350 million last year, without taking into account military supplies, and that it will cost them a lot more this year because of the American squeeze. But we should balance this with the thought that there must be some reasonable limit to the amount of expense involved: the country is a small one by world standards, and the total number of people to be fed, fuelled and kept working is fewer than in the five boroughs of New York City. Further, Cuba is warm and comfortable all the year round and is as naturally fertile as anywhere in Central America – a place where some sort of a life can be led whatever the disorganization.

So Mr. Khrushchev has been making sure since October that the Cubans would have just enough food to keep body and soul together, enough recreation in the form of such spectacles as a Soviet Cinerama film called *A Tourist in Moscow* and Communist-slanted cabarets at the Tropicana and the Capri, and plenty of gasoline so that those who still own drivable cars may use them. Nobody in Havana now doubts that he has made the island almost invulnerable to any direct assault less than a massive, stunning blow which only the United States could deliver. He has not interfered with the Castro policy of letting all the *gusanos* (worms) leave the country in circumstances of extreme humiliation. By now most of the unreliable elements, from the revolutionary point of view, have gone.

Cubans have actually become used to doing without much meat, butter, milk and most of the other good things of life. There is much grumbling in Havana and an occasional flare-up when rations even more stingy than those upon which Britons had to survive in the war are late or do not come at all. But the functionaries of the thousands of Committees for the Defense of the Revolution, who perform in apartment houses and other homes the same sneaky functions of the Blockwart in Nazi Germany, are there to detect the laggards and the grumblers and inform on them to the Secret Police. In my two weeks of close observation in the capital, I did not see one person who seemed to be affected by malnutrition. Even the ragged urchins who are still being sent out on daily begging forays by their mothers do not whine for food.

The country is physically cut off from the world outside Eastern Europe save for one precarious air link with Mexico City. For many months the population has heard little save what comes to it through its few controlled newspapers and its one radio and television service. This isolation and indoctrination may partly explain why the Cuban is turning to work and passive acceptance of his appalling lot, for there is little else to which he may turn. Fidel Castro has had it hammered home to everybody that President Kennedy has given a pledge not to invade Cuba, without qualification, and that has dimmed any lingering hope of early rescue. The statement has been backed up by demobilization of the armed forces and many units of the militia (now calculated to be 80,000 strong), and this flood of labor has been turned toward the sugar fields. The harvest is being gathered, but according to even Cuban estimates it will be about 20 percent smaller than last year's disappointing crop; more mills are being taken out of use and stripped so that the rest may go on working.

I found myself leaning more and more to agreement with the observation of an able and respected diplomat in Havana: "By and large, the Russians and the Cuban Communists and Fidel Castro do now seem to be making it all stick." He meant that they might already have created a primitive basic structure in Cuba upon which they can start building.

As of late January, no observers in Havana with

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whom I spoke believed that Mr. Khrushchev is engaged in any military build-up of an offensive kind on the island (though there is, of course, always a possibility that the wool is being pulled over everybody's eyes). It was rather felt that the hundreds of Russian, Czech, Polish and other technicians one sees quartered in the one-time luxury hotels – the fishing experts, the agronomists, the planners, the factory-designers, engineers, teachers of all kinds – are the real shock troops of a new Khrushchev offensive. These experts are being helped by hundreds of Communist and fellow-traveling volunteers from far and near – from Canada, Asia, Europe. I met one Scotsman who told me that, as a specialist in refrigerating and other engineering, he had been put in charge of that aspect of the building of the vaunted Soviet fishing port in Havana. A few days later his words were confirmed by an official announcement and an amplification that in five years the Cuban fishing industry would be second only to sugar production.

Fidel Castro seems to be serving in all this as Mr. Khrushchev's indispensable branch manager. Nobody but he can fill the role, and if anything should happen to him even Mr. Khrushchev might find it hard to keep Cuba under control. Raul Castro, the brother, is actively disliked by many of his fellow-Cubans. Che Guevara, the third member of the original revolutionary triumvirate, is not even Cuban. He is an Argentine who has had honorary Cuban citizenship accorded him. Blas Roca and even the dashing Carlos Rafael Rodriguez, the bearded intellectual in charge of the direction of the national economy, are little more than Communist functionaries and have none of the charisma of the Maximum Leader.

In October, just when he was imagining himself right there in the center of the stage, Dr. Castro found himself elbowed into the wings by two other players – Khrushchev and Kennedy – who simply finished off the drama without him. According to those who saw him at that time on his fleeting appearances in Havana, he looked a broken man. But he is now back in unchallenged local charge. Nobody yet knows how he did it. The story has yet to be told of how he dealt with the complaints of those who had followed him (with misgivings) into the Soviet embrace and now asked him where that had got him and them. So also must we wait for the tale of how he dealt with the Chinese, all 200 of them, who swarmed like bees in new-found sunshine and tried to persuade him that his destiny lay with Peking, not Moscow. All one can say for sure is that he did all this. He turned up one evening at the Havana Libre Hotel last month, indulging again in his favorite pastime of mingling with the faithful in the lobby. He looked thinner, paler and more careworn than a year ago, but he seemed already to have recovered much of the old bounce and histrionic talent. As he answered the light questions of the crowd, mostly the girls, he clowned with his forage cap and stroked the side of his nose in one comical gesture after another. This, I thought, was not a man who fears for his life.

What are the probabilities in Cuba and what can the United States do to shape them? Left to himself and molested only by the current "squeeze," Mr. Khrushchev could well succeed in turning Cuba into a formidable ideological and military base. But he would need some years of comparative tranquillity to achieve this, and when it was done he or his successors would not be content with converting only Cuba. They would inevitably want to push outward and then could come the very world-disaster which loomed last October. But the odds against Mr. Khrushchev or anybody else in the Kremlin being left unmolested in Cuba long enough to reach this point are heavy indeed. The dramatic history of the Castro revolution, the even more bloody and turbulent history of Cuba – and the whole Caribbean in this century – suggests that no crisis is the final one, and each alters the shape of things.

Of more immediate interest are the possibilities that lie open *now* to the United States. First, outright invasion seems altogether out of consideration. A second possibility is the creation and arming of a great army of Cuban exiles and anti-Castro elements recruited from all over Latin and South America which could be helped in every possible way in its mission of liberation of their country from alien domination. A third is a variation of the second; it is to copy Fidel Castro's tactic – making a lodgment in the Sierra Maestra and eroding a way to victory over a long period. Fourth, one could wait, like Mr. Micawber, for something to turn up and use it to advantage when it did.

Finally, there is the possibility of trying to reopen some contact with Dr. Castro, to offset the deepening Soviet influence and to regain some of the almost-vanished American influence in Cuba. This policy is founded, of course, on a belief shared by many students of the Cuban revolution that Dr. Fidel Castro is not a convinced or conforming Communist, for all his spoutings about Marxism-Leninism, but that he is still the burning patriot, the would-be deliverer, the woolly idealist and political child that he was in the beginning – except that he has had some shocks and disappointments. Those who see Dr. Castro in this light also feel that he is an opportunist who, tempted by the offer of a new deal for himself and country, could perhaps be persuaded to concede that the United States is after all not the only villain in the piece.

Edwin Tetlow

Mr. Tetlow, *a correspondent for* The Daily Telegraph *of London, has visited Cuba eleven times since the Castro revolution.*

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Reflections on the Bob and John Show

The quickest way to pick a fight at the White House, the State Department, or the Defense Department is to say, "You manage the news." The respective press secretaries – Pierre Salinger, Robert Manning, and Arthur Sylvester – are all former newsmen, and they flare back with, "You never had it so good." To a certain extent, this is true. White House officials are far more accessible than during the taut-ship days of James C. Hagerty. Mr. Manning has assembled a knowledgeable team of information officers, available virtually around the clock, and policy-level officers are generally reachable. But his counterpart in the Pentagon, Mr. Sylvester, operates a watchbird system which requires that any Pentagon official who talks to any reporter about anything must either report this to him by day's end or have an information commissar personally monitoring the contact. The rationale is straight out of *Newspeak:* "to further the news flow."

It is explained that more stringent controls are needed at the Pentagon than elsewhere since it is the repository of so many more secrets affecting national security. Indeed, one of the first things Secretary McNamara did, upon assuming office, was to assign Air Force Lieutenant General Joseph F. Carroll, a former high-ranking FBI official, to investigate Pentagon news leaks and propose a formula for plugging them. This he did, finding that it was up to the Defense Department to safeguard its secrets since newsmen acquiring information had no way of evaluating its full impact on national security. Mr. McNamara took this recommendation to heart. When the Defense Intelligence Agency was created, centralizing the independent intelligence functions of the three services, General Carroll became its director and promptly disappeared from sight. His deputy, Lieutenant General William W. "Buffalo Bill" Quinn, an amiable combat hero and intelligence expert who had been Army Chief of Information, plunged with him into anonymity. So did the agency's chief of staff, Navy Rear Admiral S. B. Frankel, a bookish expert on the Soviet Union. Newsmen tried to tap the Defense Intelligence Agency as a source of legitimate news, as a place to check information about foreign countries' military activity, as the logical spokesmen on reports of friction within its ranks, and so on. All such efforts were blocked.

Suddenly, on February 6, however, the Defense Intelligence Agency emerged as Playhouse 90, with Mr. McNamara as host and a young Intelligence wizard, John T. Hughes, as star. For an hour and forty-five minutes on nationwide television, and another fifteen minutes after the networks dropped out, the wraps were off. Facts which military writers had been seeking for months, to no avail since they were classified as secret, were aired voluntarily. Pentagon records will show that, as recently as January 25, strong requests were made for a fill-in on aerial reconnaissance of Cuba, on how many Russians are there, on how many and what kinds of weapons, on whether there was a Soviet build-up and what the United States would do about it. Suddenly, it was all out in the open. Techniques were laid bare – such things as photographing a single Soviet ship nine times a day in a supersonic fighter flying at 600 feet, just 45 feet higher than the Washington Monument. And then the gates clanged shut again: the answer was a curt "no" to all requests the next day to talk to Mr. Hughes or anybody else in the Defense Intelligence Agency.

What had changed between January 25, when the subject was too sensitive to discuss, even as "background," and February 6, when the whole world was let in on what the government knew and precisely how it knew it? Secret intelligence on January 25 became legitimate news on February 6 and secret intelligence again on February 7. What had changed? Nothing but the political pressures. Senator Kenneth B. Keating (R, N.Y.) and other Congressional critics of the Kennedy Cuba policy had made the heat in the political kitchen intolerable. The window was opened just long enough to cool things off. The question arises as to how Mr. Kennedy and other critics of "the missile gap," which never existed when they said it did in 1960, might have reacted if the Eisenhower Administration had exposed missile and intelligence secrets to drown them out. Perhaps that is when this new technique was born, since the Eisenhower Administration, electing to take the rap in silence, was clobbered.

The sad fact is that the Bob and John show was unnecessary. The pressure to which the Administration yielded would not have built up as it did if proper explanations had been made as questions arose. Some of the information ultimately splashed could have been provided on a day-to-day basis; instead the Administration chose to refute critics' charges with flat and unsubstantiated denials – until the TV show. Even then, it was the President who got to the heart of the matter at his press conference next day, explaining that if the Russians did have missiles hidden in Cuban caves, they would have to build launchers, whereupon they would be caught red-handed by aerial reconnaissance, and that would produce "the greatest crisis which the world has faced in its history," which he doubted the Russians want. Mr. McNamara failed to

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make that point, probably because his mission was to destroy the critics, and his powers of concentration are legend. Mr. McNamara has a lawyer-like ability to marshal facts on whichever side of the question he is on – for example, Skybolt was once promising enough so that its development was accelerated and he thought it "entirely unlikely that the project would be cancelled out"; but a year later it wasn't worth the rocket fuel to blow it to Downing Street. One came away from his February 6 show with the feeling that, given the right circumstances, those 5,000 Russian combat troops in Cuba, whom he described as "a very, very small force" posing no offensive threat, might turn out next time to be a graver danger to the Western Hemisphere than a batch of obsolescent IL-28 bombers and missiles which hardly anybody ever heard of before.

For all its expertise, the two-hour explanation left a number of things unexplained. The most pressing, perhaps, was this: Where is the evidence that the Russians ever intended putting intermediate range missiles (IRBM's) in Cuba? Mr. McNamara said he had pictures of what he described as IRBM launching sites in Cuba. He said he had pictures of Soviet IRBM's "taken elsewhere" than in Cuba, but these pictures were not made public. He said Soviet ships that turned back after the US quarantine was ordered on October 22 "very probably carried IRBM missiles and/or associated equipment." But he provided no clear proof that the Russians actually possess an IRBM with a range of 2,200 nautical miles, or sent any toward Cuba if they do. This is vexing, since it was the IRBM threat, dramatized by Pentagon maps showing they could reach from Havana to almost any city in the United States and half of South America, that rallied the American people and Latin America behind the President in his showdown with Soviet Premier Khrushchev last October.

A check with the Pentagon discloses that Secretary McNamara has not had a general news conference since July 6. In the seven months since then, he has met several times with correspondents, but only on specific subjects of his choosing. His favored technique is to give short notice, a few hours or even minutes, and set the time and place, open with a prepared public statement, answer questions on a nonattributable basis, and end the meeting when he decides to.

This kind of *ad hoc* approach dovetails nicely with Mr. Sylvester's promulgation, supported by the White House, of the dogma that generation of news is a weapon in the Cold War and that, in extreme circumstances, it is all right for governments to lie. Unfortunately, the fallout effect is dangerous, because it erodes confidence in what the government says, first on the part of newsmen who deal daily with government spokesmen and ultimately on the part of the people in whose stead these newsmen ask questions.

President Kennedy said February 7, in urging those who have information about Soviet activity in Cuba to turn it over to the government, that "We are not, after all, a foreign power." Neither is the American press.

Warren Rogers, Jr.

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Tryout in Harlem

by Murray Kempton

Harlem has always had more power to educate the outsider as a condition than to challenge him as a problem. But even this use is declining; the final stage of deprivation is when you can no longer remind the comfortable that you are deprived. Harlem is losing its fashion as a slum.

A year ago, the Ford Foundation chose the New York neighborhood where it would spend $12.5 million to study and struggle against juvenile delinquency. Ford chose the Lower East Side. Harlem's loss in this competition among depressed areas cannot be measured. Ford's mobilization for youth project, supplemented as it is by state and federal funds, represents to the behavioral sciences that shot at the megabuck they so envy the physical sciences. They must cater to the Ford Foundation as the physicists cater to the Pentagon; whatever research is done in social problems in New York for the predictable future has to follow Ford's dollar into the neighborhood of Ford's choices.

No one will even look at Harlem any longer; and the great new industry of social research can do as much for the fortunate depressed area of its choice as a factory for Wilkes-Barre. After all, the only way a school dropout can find a job in these neighborhoods is to hire out to the social investigators who will pay him to explain why he dropped out.

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Harlem social workers talk about this newest defeat like civic spirits in a south Florida coastal town, perfect for natural resource and ideal for labor supply, bruised by the loss of the space program to Cape Canaveral.

"Everybody up here says how unfair Mobilization for Youth is," said Dr. Jeanne Noble, of the New York University Center for Human Relations. "It's a terrible thing to boast about, but we do have the highest delinquency rate in the city and the largest percentage of unwed mothers. Why did they pass us up?"

It could only be an accident then that Harlem should have the pilot project for a Domestic Peace Corps.

Powell's Projects

This month, 35 Negroes, most of them young and Southern, began the anxious first weeks of their training for the year they will spend as volunteer workers in Harlem's pitiful social agencies.

They are confused in a strange and terrible city; their teachers move across unknown territory undirected by superior planning officials. But they are pioneers; whatever we know about the uses of a Domestic Peace Corps a year from now, we are likely to know from their experience.

No one of substance intended it quite this way. The part of official Washington which is tolerant toward their adventure seems to accept it only as a political necessity; that part of Washington which is vocal in outrage thinks of it as just one more piece of Rep. Adam Clayton Powell's rivers and harbors program.

The experiment which calls itself the Domestic Peace Corps is housed, for rent of course, in a building owned by Powell's Abyssinian Baptist Church; it is financed by a $250,000 grant given to Powell from the Department of Health, Education and Welfare, which is dependent upon his favor as chairman of the House Committee on Education and Labor.

Sen. John Williams of Delaware has denounced the Domestic Peace Corps to the Senate along with Powell's real estate ventures, his unavenged tax delinquencies, his federally-financed relaxations from domesticity and all the other favors he is alleged to have extorted from the Administration.

Powell's reputation is not one automatically exempting him from suspicions of greed. And since anything done for Harlem at this stage of its life is done for reasons irrelevant to and exterior to its needs, Health, Education and Welfare very likely gave Powell his grant only because it is never safe to affront him; he remembers only present favors. But without Powell's influence Harlem could not have had its Peace Corps. Persons who wonder why Harlem keeps electing him to Congress might reflect that, while there is some question whether he is a man who can be bought, it is very clear that he is not a man to stay bought.

For all the wrong reasons then, Powell had his grant and he set Livingston Wingate, his administrative assistant, to spending it.

For Wingate this was just one rock among a pile of duties; he struggled with it when he could and with small assistance. Columbia had already commenced to wander toward the scent of the Ford dollar; Harlem, which enjoys seeing Powell rob the rich but is hardly in a position to afford him itself, had set the project down as the newest of his fun and games and not worth serious attention. Wingate took on Gwendolyn Jones, who had spent most of her life as a social service volunteer at Abyssinian Baptist, and they talked to the very few who would listen.

Dr. Noble had put her New York University class to studying Harlem; one night she took them to hear Wingate speak.

"I don't know," she says now. "It was impressive. These people had no organization and not much of a plan. But they had an idea. I asked the university to give me time to help them out."

Miss Jones at some point remembered a young man named George Broadfield who had returned to Harlem after eight years as a technical adviser to the government of Liberia. Harlem has a few resources, but you don't find the ones it has everywhere. Broadfield and Dr. Noble began working on a training program; and Broadfield went out in search of student volunteers.

He used the Negro papers and radio stations and the Southern Negro colleges, since he had nothing more substantial at hand. Simon Slavin of the New York School of Social Work assembled a curriculum; he was surprised to find how little formal research material there was on Harlem. The college students Broadfield recruited came from institutions like Grambling, Benedict and Texas Southern which have never before been thought as productive of leadership resource except by the National Football League. Roy Devoe of Boston is a sample of the more mature of the applicants; he is close to 30; he has worked as a mail clerk and a hospital attendant; he has not been permitted the skills as his juniors have not been allowed the formal education which commend themselves to the International Peace Corps. It is unlikely that they could meet its standards.

"What we thought," says Dr. Noble, "was that we might just try to take untrained people, highly motivated, and give them a crash program of education and see if we could turn them into useful social aides."

They arrived innocent, understanding what they had come for without understanding what they would have to do. Most of them had read about the International Peace Corps and wistfully thought of applying; one or two of them had actually written and were vague about what answers they had received. It is impossible not to

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imagine a carefully polite form letter. In any case they prefer the Domestic Peace Corps. "Charity," they explain over and over, "begins at home."

Their formal verbal skills are low. Dr. Noble was talking to them the other day about a notion of Justice Douglas' that citizens should begin talking to their government again.

"Do you know who Justice Douglas is?" she asked. A boy answered, "He's the one who made that Supreme Court decision."

They are, then, children of the kind, who almost by themselves have with their freedom rides done more to change the history of the United States than any member of the Senate. It seems typical of them that some have been arrested in civil rights demonstrations, but that none seems to recognize the name of CORE. It is ridiculous to complain about Senators or to expect them to think of people like this as important except as tangential aspects of the gaudy progress of Powell.

"We took," says Dr. Noble, "as many young men as we could get. We could have had 50 girls if we had wanted them. It is the boys who count." The Negro man is a menial in the main; a boy grows up in Harlem under the dominance of women. Both Broadfield and Dr. Noble are determined to train young men who will be models that most Harlem boys have never known.

From Texas to Harlem

The students bring to their extraordinary pilgrimage only their old-fashioned feelings and the experience of having lived there. These qualities, in their first days, were tested by a curriculum that was heavier and harsher in its implications than any they had ever known. Much of it centered around what the fact of being a Negro can do to a man in America. It has left them exhausted and disturbed in some cases; one boy has dropped out. It is something of a shock to come from Texas expecting to help city boys play basketball and to discover that you are enlisted to change a society. And they are also facing Harlem which, close though it is to the life they have left, is still older, more terrible and more defeated.

Broadfield, back from Africa, can feel their shock. "In Africa," he claims, "people have taken over their own lives. But I wonder sometimes how a man can get up in Harlem and look at himself and not cut his throat."

Still, with all its disturbance, says Dr. Noble, "this is something the Southern Negro colleges have never had. And, before we are finished, we may have learned something about how to educate every child in America."

They are, then, at something subversive. But a Domestic Peace Corps is so inherently subversive an idea that Robert Kennedy, orderly as he seems to us, must have something disorderly struggling inside him even to conceive it. It is one thing to send young Americans to Nigeria to engage in social reform; but can you really send them to Harlem?

Of course, there is an immense amount a Domestic Peace Corps can do in Harlem before its members begin to intrude on the areas of mischief. They are needed as hospital social workers, and remedial reading teachers, and helpers with PTAs. What institutions Harlem has are held together by driven and straitened professionals; there are few volunteers, because that is an impulse practical only for the comfortable.

A week ago, three Harlem buildings burned out four blocks north of the Peace Corps project headquarters. The students abandoned their day's schedule to minister to the 400 evacuees. One of the Texas Southern boys said later what a relief that simple function had been: "When I'm helping people, I'm all right."

The fire was in fact so monumental that it brought out the television cameramen, and the Red Cross was there within six hours.

"I know," Dr. Noble told her charges later, "that some of you complained that the Red Cross took so long because they're white. But you must remember: 90 percent of the Red Cross's work is done by free volunteers. You saw their workers. What color are they? How many Negro women have that kind of time to give? That's why you're here."

They come then to bring back to Harlem the image of voluntary service. But, before their year is up, they will begin to try and organize adolescents into a neighborhood improvement corps, because it is the daring assumption of their teachers that by then, scared though they are now, they will have been trained to be leaders. And neighborhood improvement has to go to roots; there will be quarrels with landlords and with the great indifferent city outside and they will be an inconvenience.

They may be able to change nothing else, but the lives of these particular children will never be exactly the same again. Working only on their own ground, traveling alone with little real help outside of Harlem, their teachers have developed this simple, adventurous and quite brilliant program.

Now George Broadfield opens the morning mail and finds applications for service from Harvard and Radcliffe. That defines him as a success. When the Radcliffe girls come, can the *Mademoiselle* feature be far behind? There is a sudden aching wish that this one thing might be kept for the Jim Crow college students for their very own. But that is an irresponsible impulse possible only to someone who does not live in Harlem and cannot feel in his nerves how desperately it is necessary for Harlem to become fashionable and be noticed again.

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EUROPE

I. The Illusion of Unity

"The day when the Netherlands and France have the same foreign policy, the same view of the world and of their national interests, will be the day when we can talk realistically about 'European unity'. And that day, to borrow a phrase from Khrushchev, may not come until shrimps learn to whistle."

This remark by a diplomat was a way of saying what a large number of intelligent Europeans have begun to realize as they emerge from the state of dazed shock caused by President de Gaulle's brutal veto of British entry into the Common Market and the reactions it has produced. What the French President has done is bring home to everyone the difference between illusion and reality in the matter of European unity – a question that has deeply engaged countless Europeans and has seemed like one of the most constructive movements of our time.

The illusion is that by establishing such instruments as the Common Market, the Coal and Steel Community and Euratom, each with a certain degree of "supra-nationality" and with a built-in system for solving problems jointly, the member nations would be drawn inexorably closer and eventually find themselves forming something like a "United States of Europe."

This is the theory that has always inspired Jean Monnet and the other fathers of the European movement. They insisted that while the Common Market was, on the surface, economic, in fact it delved into the heart of politics by dealing with matters affecting the daily lives of the citizens of its members.

"We are not in business, we are in politics," has said Walter Hallstein, the great European who is chairman of the Common Market commission.

The reality, alas, is different. It is that, in the end, the thing that "determines" a nation is its national security and its foreign policy. The six members of the European community, to say nothing of Britain and the others outside, have some similarities of interest, but important differences as well. And as long as this situation lasts, and they are sovereign, the "unity" of Europe must remain an illusion, no matter what progress might be made in agriculture or tariffs or free movement of labor.

Let us look at a little recent history.

In the early summer of 1961, nearly two years ago, the heads of government of the six community nations met at Bad Godesberg in Germany and, accepting a proposal of President de Gaulle, agreed to start work on a new political treaty giving their union an "organic" character. The next heads-of-government meeting was tentatively set for Rome that autumn, and others were to follow periodically.

The next meeting has still not been held. By the time the French had presented their draft of a treaty, Britain had applied for membership in the club. Immediately the Dutch and Belgians decided to stall, to await the outcome of the British entry question. To them de Gaulle's kind of treaty of "organized co-operation," working on the unanimity rule, meant a threat of French-German domination. They had viewed it with suspicion from the start, and it was acceptable only with Britain there as a counterweight.

The aim of the treaty was no less than to work in the direction of a common European foreign policy and defense policy. De Gaulle, too, wants to organize a "Europe" – a Europe sharing his view of the world (not necessarily "dominated" by France). But some of his partners did not and do not share his view of the world and of Europe's future.

Thus when the choice came, the enthusiastically "European" Dutch and Belgians chose to block further progress rather than give up their commitment to an Atlantic-type foreign policy. The Italians wavered, in the end deciding reluctantly to go along with de Gaulle, but the Benelux veto was sufficient.

It was right that this veto should have occurred, though it produced much wailing in good European circles. For what the Dutch and Belgians were doing was showing, before the enterprise started, that there was no such thing as a "European" foreign and defense policy, certainly not yet. And without a common foreign and defense policy, there is no European unity, only a customs union. Europe, therefore, remains "them" and not "it."

The differences among the community members in the bedrock matter of security and foreign policy are not limited to the question of Gaullist and anti-Gaullist views of the Atlantic Alliance, though this is the most important division.

A revealing example of other differences is the case of Israel's application for association with the Common Market, or at least a favorable trade treaty. France, with memories of Suez, has from the beginning favored some sort of accommodation for Israel. Italy, with ambitions of influence in the Arab world, has always been reluctant, though never openly.

Consider the agonizing problem of West Germany. Her national interest is defense against the Russians, ultimate reunification of all Germans and full integration with the West. Every German knows perfectly well that only the Americans can defend his country against the Russians. Every German also knows per-

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fectly well that the essential element of European "integration" is French-German unity. Yet France, under de Gaulle at least, has a view of European defense that could lead, in the end, to American withdrawal. German interests and French interests simply differ – and the result is that within a week of the signature of the new treaty of "cooperation" between the two countries, the German foreign minister was vigorously opposing the French in Brussels on the British entry question.

There is no escape from this problem of differing national interests and outlooks through the device of submerging them in an "Atlantic" community led by the United States. American interests differ from those of the Europeans more than the Europeans differ among themselves. There is hardly a European statesman who, in his heart, favors an Atlantic community that would be meaningful. Although most of them oppose de Gaulle's view of the world, they share much of his "European" patriotism, in the sense of wanting a certain independence from the United States.

The veto of British entry into the Common Market has been the occasion, the incident, for throwing all this into dazzling clarity. It has shown, once and for all, that Monnet-type devices are not going to create "Europe" as long as these nations remain sovereign and have separate interests and foreign policies.

It was a lesson that many people, myself included, who shared the illusion needed to learn. If he has done nothing else, de Gaulle has put first things first.

Before World War I the world's two greatest trade partners were France and Germany. Their moneys were interchangeable and investment flowed freely across their borders. None of this prevented the bloodiest war in history.

The present divisions and differences – even anger – in Europe are not going to lead to another intra-European war. But this is not thanks to the European unity movement and the Common Market. It is thanks to the atomic bomb and the existence of the two superpowers, the awareness in all of the nations involved that the days of conquest are over.

The idea of using economic devices to unify was honorable and it has brought some independent economic benefits. But it could never bring about a "United States of Europe." De Gaulle himself once put the matter perfectly.

"Finance," said the President, "is like the supply train. It follows."

EDWIN L. DALE, JR.

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II. Renaissance of Chauvinism

Paris

The widespread repercussions following in the wake of General de Gaulle's explosive press conference are beginning to subside, in Europe at least. Obviously, this can only be a surface calm: blaring headlines, editorial blasts, and impetuous proclamations have given way to a campaign of secret diplomacy. At the Elysée Palace and from all the European chancelleries, reassuring reports are coming through: the blow was very severe, emotion ran high, a sense of uneasiness lingers, but on the whole the Europe of the Six is still intact.

In point of fact, optimism has risen to such a pitch among General de Gaulle's entourage that the French leader has been obliged to deflate it somewhat. According to de Gaulle, the real danger to the Europe of the Six does not lie in Britain's vacillating and contradictory action, but instead in the impact of the Kennedy Administration's program which, though slow to get launched, is nonetheless potent.

In the various capitals of Europe, the hardest thing to understand is why the United States was so taken by surprise by Gaullist foreign policy. After all, European observers point out, General de Gaulle should at least be given credit for clearly proclaiming his intentions. The memorandum addressed by Mr. Couve de Murville to Mr. Dean Rusk was most explicit. The famous Gavin affair (the former United States ambassador in Paris who, it is said, made himself the champion of Gaullism) should have brought enlightenment to the State Department. For the past three years the US has made a tremendous effort to persuade Britain to join the Common Market, but during all this period the US neglected to exert any persuasive pressure on members of the Common Market to accept Britain's entry. Could the US have acted differently? Could it have succeeded where even a Jean Monnet failed? Could it hope to influence de Gaulle in any way? The answer is that it is highly doubtful. It could, however, at least have tried earlier to do what it is attempting to do today: turn Adenauer's Germany away from Gaullism.

This is why the Elysée Palace is now waiting to see what effects America's action in Germany will have. The United States' power of intervention is directly proportional to its economic investments, and German industry has made no secret of its opposition to Chancellor Adenauer on everything pertaining to a Franco-German union which excludes Great Britain. The French Government believes that President Kennedy, angry at being taken by surprise and annoyed at being poorly informed, is now considering a vigorous campaign of retaliation and counterattack. No one is prepared to say precisely how that will be done, but it is generally believed that any action will be mainly on

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the economic level. This would explain why France is seizing the initiative in reducing its trade with the US and quietly alerting management to look elsewhere for possible export and import markets. In a word, a sort of unacknowledged cold war is expected between America and Gaullist France.

The following anecdote illustrates the extent to which relations have deteriorated. One of my friends, a news photographer, received several million francs from the New York offices of a French automobile manufacturing company for an advertising campaign to be built around the theme: "Five million Frenchmen can't be wrong – *they* drive an *X*!" The order has been canceled because, according to the American advisors of this company, the slogan no longer holds true. On the contrary, the US is more than willing to believe that millions of Frenchmen can easily be wrong. As a footnote to this episode I might add that, according to a recent public opinion poll, most of the French back General de Gaulle's policy of excluding England and maintaining an independent attitude toward the US.

No one can tell with certainty where all this will lead. One development already manifest in Great Britain and France is an anachronistic, dangerous, and absurd renaissance of chauvinism in its crudest form. In this respect de Gaulle's actions have done less than nothing to promote intellectual or moral progress, yet the responsibility for the new trend does not rest entirely with the General. France has suddenly rediscovered her hereditary enemy, perfidious Albion. The British, on the other hand, are making de Gaulle a scapegoat for some of their domestic difficulties. The Labourites are again talking of the "Empire," the "colonies" and British sea power as in the days of Disraeli and Queen Victoria. In short, the cult of personality is permeating public opinion in its most degrading and shoddy form.

JEAN DANIEL

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III. Reaction in Britain

London

The public mood in Britain after the collapse of the Brussels talks is a good deal more encouraging than at first seemed likely The breakdown came at the worst possible moment – during the bitterest winter in years, which has deprived millions of people throughout the country of light, heat and water, when unemployment has reached its highest level since before the war, and when right-wing opinion was already reeling under the impact of the Skybolt fiasco, the failure of the Central African Federation, and the events in Katanga. Even in the happier atmosphere last summer, many observers feared that breakdown in the Brussels negotiations would mean economic catastrophe in Britain and a decade of recrimination between Britain and the continent.

Yet, the public has taken de Gaulle's rebuff a good deal more calmly than the government itself. Despite some abuse of the French President from the lunatic fringe, there has been no relapse into the sort of bloody-minded chauvinism to which Jean Daniel refers and which was so evident during the Skybolt crisis in December, nor is there any disposition to turn Britain's back on Europe. The earlier illusion that entry into the Common Market would of itself solve all Britain's economic problems had been waning fast in the last 12 months. Both business and labor seem relieved that the long uncertainty is over and that Britain must find the answer to her internal difficulties by her own exertions. Shares on the Stock Exchange actually rose in the days following the news of the break-down in Brussels.

There is a determination to strengthen the European Free Trade Association, to rebuild Commonwealth ties, and to encourage world negotiations on the basis of Kennedy's Trade Expansion Act. But none of this is expected to produce dramatic results in the short run. Secretary Herter's tour of European capitals left his audience convinced that there are unlikely to be reductions of more than 30 percent in tariffs between America and Europe, and that these may well have to be spread over many years. On the other hand, the bitter hostility now created by France among her five partners is expected to undermine the dynamic appeal of the Common Market to international investors and thus to reduce some of the competitive disadvantages once feared from Britain's exclusion.

What is most impressive is the consensus which has developed here on the need for expansion of the British economy and how to achieve it. The head of Britain's largest industrial group, Imperial Chemical Industries, made a speech the other day which sounded like a Labour Party election manifesto: "Notwithstanding the worship in this country and still more in the United States of the blind god of free competition, there must be some broad element of planning if we are not to get into a deeper mess."

The real problem is one of political leadership. Macmillan's prestige is wrecked beyond repair, but there is so far no enthusiasm in his party for any particular successor. In this situation Hugh Gaitskell's death is unanimously regarded as a national tragedy, for the next head of the Labour Party will not start with the same appeal Gaitskell had won both in the party and in the country as a whole.

DENIS HEALEY

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The Cracked Alliance

We Have Gone Beyond the Postwar Period

by Louis J. Halle

"I do not believe that the main enemy of this country [Britain] is the USSR. The amount of damage the USSR has done to Britain and the Commonwealth since the end of the war is infinitesimal. I cannot feel the same way about the position of the US. . . . Since the war we have had the wool pulled over our eyes by the international liberal challenge to Communism. But by now it must be apparent to all that the expansion of American influence into Europe and the Commonwealth has brought increasing tensions between us."

The statement would not be worth quoting in itself. It is by the Earl of Sandwich, who faithfully represents the noble attitudes of David Low's wartime cartoon-character, Colonel Blimp. ("To the 19th Century – backward march!") It appears in *The Observer* of London (issue of January 27), in one of a series of articles on "What's Left for Patriotism?" – and there can be no doubt that the liberal *Observer*, which is quite the opposite of Blimpish, enjoyed providing an occasion for the noble Earl to make a spectacle of himself. He obliges with such pronouncements as that Britain can be independent of either the US or Europe because it has the Commonwealth, which "is simply Britain writ large."

What makes the statement worth quoting is that it represents a point of view that even Colonel Blimp's ideological opponents tend to share. The generality of British intellectuals and liberals tend to share it. At the time of the Cuban crisis a major part of the British press found less fault with the USSR than with the US. One suspects that *The Observer*, itself, would judge the statement to be somewhat unrealistic but not altogether without point. It is therefore representative of widespread opinion in England today. It is also representative of widespread opinion in France. Elsewhere in Europe it would, I think, be less representative.

Another reason why it is worth quoting is that it represents an equation which is at the heart of European attitudes: anti-Americanism and the estimate of the Soviet threat vary inversely to each other. Since anti-Americanism has scope in proportion as the Soviet threat seems negligible, anti-American feeling is an incentive to minimizing the Soviet threat.

The same point may be made more picturesquely. In ordinary circumstances no one likes to have the firemen running about the house; but when flames are raging through the neighborhood and drawing rapidly nearer the firemen may find themselves cordially welcome.

At the end of World War II, and in the years immediately after it, the West Europeans (among whom, if President de Gaulle and the Earl of Sandwich permit, I include the British) saw the Red Army move westward into the center of Europe, subjugating the populations as it advanced. With the abrupt demobilization of the American wartime forces in Europe there was nothing to check the continued advance of the Red Army to the Channel, perhaps even to the offshore islands on the other side. In that day the great question was whether the firemen would come at all, and whether they would stay if they did come. Everyone had it in mind that, traditionally, the firemen had disavowed responsibility for other continents than their own.

In the light of our present hindsight we have some reason to doubt that the danger was quite as great as it then appeared. The Russians have always been sensitive to the risk of becoming overextended, and in absorbing Eastern Europe Stalin had bitten off as much as he was prepared to chew. Milovan Djilas, in his *Conversations with Stalin*, reports Stalin's angry opposition to Yugoslav support for the Communist guerrillas in Greece, and there is reason to doubt that he was eager for the victory of the Communists in China. We in the West were over-impressed by the nominal goal of his avowed ideology, to Communize the whole world – a goal that Stalin may have viewed, privately, with increasing cynicism. But the Soviet power was, after all, visibly advancing toward Western Europe, while the Communist Parties in Italy and France, under orders from Moscow, had gone all out to subvert or paralyze the forces of resistance.

In this situation, *mirabile dictu*, the firemen did respond to the alarm. Winston Churchill was surely right in saying, with respect to those days, that the free countries of postwar Europe owed their independence to the monopoly of atomic power in American hands, under the circumstances of the commitment to the defense of Europe that the United States then undertook.

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If Western Europe had simply collapsed, as it was about to do, the Communist Parties that owed their allegiance to Moscow would have taken over, and Stalin would not have rejected the adherence of Western Europe any more than he rejected the adherence of China when it came, whether it aroused his misgivings or not. Moreover, we should note Djilas' report of the argument Stalin used with Yugoslav Vice Premier Kardelj against support for the Communist guerrillas in Greece: "What," Stalin exclaimed, "do you think that Great Britain and the United States – the United States, the most powerful state in the world – will permit you to break their line of communication in the Mediterranean? Nonsense. And we have no navy. The uprising in Greece must be stopped, and as quickly as possible."

Briefly, the whole postwar policy of the United States, as leader of the embattled Atlantic community, was established to meet the danger, putative or real, that the Soviet Union would expand to the Channel. This was the basis for the military alliance, for the organization of NATO, and for the respective military build-ups of the Atlantic allies. All was addressed to this specter. The allies, once resolved on their defense, threw up the barricades, stood at the ready, and waited.

But time passes. Stalin is mortal, and at last he dies. A new generation grows up. A day comes when people begin to ask: "What ever happened to the horrid specter that brought us out upon the barricades?" An emergency cannot provide a permanent foundation for policy.

The fact is that no one in Europe, today, feels any imminent danger that the Red Army will take off for the Channel. The sense of alarm has passed. The European norm has been restored, that of mutual containment in a power-equilibrium of sorts. Today the *Realpolitik* of the Russians, whatever their ideological proclamations, appears to be addressed as much to stabilization as to conquest. This is what the pressure on Berlin may be taken to represent; and even the surprisingly reckless Cuban adventure appears to have been a move to deter the US in connection with the projected absorption of West Berlin. In terms of European memories, the menace of Russia under the Communists has come to seem rather like the menace of Russia under the czars – which is to say that it has come to seem a normal, rather than an extraordinary, menace.

Do We Need the Firemen?

The question arises, then, why are the firemen still in the house? Why are they still running up and down the stairs, and shouting orders to the family?

The European governments, and every responsible official in them, know the answer. They know that, as was not the case in the 19th Century, the weight of the US is essential in the new equilibrium. It is the compensating factor for the vastly increased weight of Russia on the other side. But the Earl of Sandwich does not know the answer. And a large part of public opinion in Britain and France is reluctant to accept the answer. An English correspondent wrote me from Oxford, after the Cuban crisis: "It would be better for the US to withdraw into their own hemisphere, leaving us to our fate. If physical enslavement resulted, and I think it very unlikely, that would be better than moral enslavement." This correspondent, who appears to be anything but a Colonel Blimp, nevertheless agrees with the noble Earl on this one point.

If such opinion is unworthy of respect, however deserving of compassionate understanding, what shall we say of its counterpart, the predominant public opinion in the United States? In the view on which this opinion is based, nothing essential has changed in the past 15 years. The Soviet Union has embarked, remorselessly, on the conquest of the world, and although she may engage in tactical dodges and feints, never for a moment does she take her eye off that goal. The Red Army is straining, still, at the leash, ready for the order to march to the Channel. If there is any difference that has occurred in the past 15 years, it is that the Communist empire has risen in its strength, has acquired a nuclear armament, and has spread so that now it extends from the Adriatic to the China Sea, and even to the Caribbean. The emergency is greater, not less, than it was.

If what prompts Europeans to minimize the Soviet threat is the desire to get us Americans out of their homes, what is it that prompts us Americans, in turn, to maximize it?

The answer may be sought first of all in Washington. In the years immediately after the war, Washington led the country away from its traditional policy of nonalignment, which had long been obsolete, and gained its acceptance for the diametrically opposed policy of assuming the leadership of the free world in meeting the challenge to its freedom. Although the new policy could be intellectually justified on far broader grounds, it could be sold to the American people only on the basis of an immediate emergency. Moscow, with uncanny timing, obliged by staging the emergency in successive scenes. As Congress was about to vote on the Marshall Plan, it seized Czechoslovakia. In the three following years it made its first attempt on Berlin, which aroused all our sporting blood in *riposte*, and then (albeit by proxy) it launched its surprise-attack against the Republic of Korea.

The new policy of the United States, the policy of involvement, was properly permanent, but its basis in public opinion was the sense of emergency. This produced, in Washington, a vested interest in the survival of the sense of emergency.

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This same sense of emergency among our new European allies was what made them accept our leadership, initially, and our officiousness. It was the basis of NATO and the pooling of resources through the various devices of economic unification. Our leadership, therefore, depended on it. In these terms one can understand why it was that, when Stalin died just as we seemed about to get France's adherence to the European Defense Community, it became ritualistic in Washington to insist that his death has changed nothing unless it had made the Soviet menace even more awful than before. Our private specter at that moment, and ever since, has been that of the alliance disintegrating because Moscow smiles.

Add to this the immense budgetary burden of our arms program and all the vested interests associated with it. The Air Force, trying to gain acceptance of its appropriations requests, has felt it urgent that the country be "awakened" to the extent of the danger. Those engaged in the great industrial complexes that have come to depend on defense contracts have quite guilelessly (such being our human nature) identified themselves with the anti-Communist militants.

Finally, there was a combination of circumstances that disposed the American people to extremism. Our natural tendency to go all-out when we find ourselves engaged in any great contest was reinforced by the fact that we had lost the absolute security which we had for so many generations taken for granted. Danger, which seems normal to Europeans, has seemed abnormal to us. We have felt it must be totally eliminated forthwith, by whatever means, rather than accepted as a permanent feature of our national environment.

The consequence is that, while we Americans have been impatient at the European failure to bring the NATO forces up to strength, a large body of European opinion has come to regard our shrill protestations of anti-Communism as the manifestation of a mental disease peculiar to Americans. The divergence of view between Americans (who are no more sensible than Europeans) and Europeans (who are no more sensible than Americans) has been steadily widening. It has been leading up to the crisis that France has now produced by seceding, in effect, from the great alliance, and trying (with remarkable maladroitness) to take the other European countries with her.

When we confront a divergence of views like this, and attempt to deal with it, the first question to ask is where truth lies with respect to them. Is the Soviet Union what the Earl of Sandwich and President de Gaulle apparently believe it to be? Is its challenge the old challenge of imperial Russia that antedates the Crimean War and has become so familiar over the generations as to evoke an affectionate nostalgia among those who look backward to a better world. Or is the Soviet Union an altogether new phenomenon, the fanatically dedicated agent of the greatest conspiracy ever known for the revolutionary overthrow of established order in the entire earth? Has the menace from Moscow grown constantly greater, and the situation of the free world constantly more desperate? Or has that menace been receding, rather, as Moscow has become less militant and as something like a normal stability of power has developed?

COMING: *Alistair Buchan on what the US and UK can do now for the common defense.*

To attempt an answer one must distinguish between the nominal situation and the real. Nominally, Moscow is the citadel of those who have dedicated themselves to the overthrow of everything we stand for, the ruthless elimination of all our societies, and the worldwide establishment in their place of one Communist society, presumably with Moscow as its capital. We have Mr. Khrushchev's word for this; we have his lip-service, to the memory of Marx and Lenin, just as we have Mao Tse-tung's lip-service, just as we had Stalin's. If we were predominantly influenced by the nominal situation, then we accepted Stalin as the genuine representative of Marxism-Leninism until 1956, when Khrushchev retroactively reversed the nominal situation by announcing that Stalin had not represented it after all – but that he, himself, represented it. Since that date, Khrushchev has represented Marxism-Leninism in the eyes of those who are governed by the nominal situation. He will continue to represent it in their eyes unless and until his successor repeats his feat of retroactivity, when they will conclude that he never did represent it after all. The nominal situation never evolves: when it changes it does so by the decree of nominal authority.

Nominally, Moscow is bent on Communizing the world. Nominally, too, it has made steady and even spectacular progress in that undertaking. Over the past 15 years it has expanded the area of Marxism-Leninism to include China and Cuba, Cuba having become nominally Communist when Dr. Castro announced that that was what it was. Nominally, to use the noble Earl's language, China and Cuba are the Soviet Union

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writ large. Nominally, the nominally Communist countries are as one, so that it is one empire that now extends over half the earth. (Mr. Dulles used to make it all one color on the map, just to scare us to death.)

In this same period the West, in losing its overseas empires, has dwindled and declined, nominally. Its nuclear deterrent has been nominally neutralized by Moscow's success in building a counterpart – so that, as nominal calculations show, Moscow is now free to use its superior conventional power, free to send the Red Army to the Channel.

Those who are more skeptical of nominal situations, however, see a different picture. They see that Moscow has been weakened more than it has been strengthened by the nominal adherence of China to its cause. They see that France has been strengthened by the loss of Algeria, that the West in general has been strengthened by the loss of its burdensome empires. They see that, in spite of the nominal freedom which the nominal nuclear stalemate affords the Red Army, the rising military effectiveness of nuclear armaments continues to have a deterrent effect upon it.

Except by occasional pronouncement, the nominal situation does not change, while the real situation is in constant fluid transformation under the frozen cover of the nominal. Nominally, Moscow continues to be bent on the worldwide triumph of Communism long after a Stalin (perhaps out of cynicism) or a Khrushchev (out of a prudent realism) has abandoned its pursuit in actual operations for the sake of the national security that had preoccupied the czars.

Image and Reality

Our American policy has been based on the situation as it appeared to exist in the period immediately after the war. Because we have invested in that policy not only our resources, but so much of our emotional and intellectual energy as well, and because such powerful vested interests now depend on it, our whole disposition is to cling to the unchanging nominal image in preference to the unstable reality. (John Maynard Keynes related how, after World War I was over, it was for long impossible to get the blockade of Germany lifted because that blockade, as an achievement, was the British Admiralty's pride and joy.) This, however, is a position that, rigidly held, must eventually be self-defeating; simply because the gap between the nominal and the real widens progressively over the years, and becomes increasingly obvious, until the nominal no longer carries conviction for anyone. This is already happening with respect to the nominal image of a monolithic Communist bloc.

The fault of the Europeans to whom I have referred is the opposite of ours. It is the fault of going too far in the rejection of a nominal image that implies unwelcome requirements. For the nominal image seduces the inhabitants of Moscow as well as the inhabitants of Washington, and influences their actions. Stalin may have had prudent misgivings about the Communization of China or Greece; but the ideological (*i.e.*, nominal) pressures were such that he could not well withhold his support from the victorious Communist forces in China, and he could not easily prevent the Yugoslav Communists from supporting the movement to Communize Greece.

I have already expressed my doubt that Stalin ever wanted to occupy Western Europe. But the continuing impotence of the Western European societies after the war would surely have forced him to succumb to the ideological pressures for filling the power-vacuums that they represented. Without the US Navy in the Mediterranean he would have had no effective grounds on which to restrain the Yugoslavs in Greece. We may be sure that the ideological pressures on Mr. Khrushchev to follow a more aggressive policy in Berlin or in Cuba are immense. It follows that a strong Western defense is essential to the theory and the practice of his prudence.

All of us, in this world, are suspended between the real and the nominal – the nominal which, by tending to impose itself on the real, acquires a secondary reality of its own. This is the tension that we have always to resolve as best we may, in our "estimates of the situation" and in our policy.

General de Gaulle, who appears to be limited by his inability to see France in any role but that of supreme leadership, has surely struck his blow at the Atlantic Alliance prematurely – whether he was provoked to do so impulsively or was driven by the awareness of his own advancing years. Chancellor Adenauer, with "time's winged chariot" even closer at his back, went ahead with his long-standing plan for a Franco-German rapprochement before he was able to digest the fact that the General's stroke, one week earlier, had suddenly endowed such a rapprochement with the implications of a rebellion against the firemen. In the light of the morning after, however, what stands out is the inability of France to replace the United States in the defense of West Berlin and of West Germany. There had been a sudden madness in Europe (as in Canada) and what it represents, in large part at least, is the long suppressed feeling against the firemen who appear to be making themselves permanently at home.

However, "there is some soul of goodness in things evil." The time is overdue for us Americans to recognize that we have passed quite beyond the postwar period, that the basic postwar situation has changed. The time is overdue for the reappraisal that the terrible General has at last provoked.

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An Author in Search of a Character

by Stanley Kauffmann

In the beginning was the face. Truman Capote is the first serious author I know of whose book-jacket photograph was widely discussed before his work was widely read. (The second was James Jones). Personal comment thus seems unavoidable, even desirable, in considering Capote. Many of us were first aware of him as a pair of boyish eyes scowling up from under bangs, a cherubic Peter Lorre. The *persona* that preceded his first novel, *Other Voices, Other Rooms* (1948), was so vivid that it raised reservations, which the novel itself quickly dispelled. In fact, the book's quality made the photograph a kind of spoof of publicity. And now, a few seeming moments after his debut, here is a Capote collection. Fifteen years have passed, and after two novels (one of which he dramatized), two books of short fiction, a book of travel sketches, a book of reportage, a screen adaptation (*Beat the Devil*), a collaborative book with a photographer, he is still only 37.

Selected Writings of Truman Capote
(Random House; $5.95)

The Grand Old Man of youthful prodigies has made a selection from his works (and has allowed Mark Schorer to supply an inept, even ungrammatical introduction). Such a step at such an age is not unprecedented. Chekhov published a collected edition at 39, Kipling at 32. Still it takes confidence to invite a retrospective glance so early. The invitation is welcome; to those who have followed Capote's writings as they appeared, it is enlightening to look at them *en bloc*.

So far as possible. The first thing to note is that there is nothing here from his novels. A few years ago, in a *Paris Review* interview, he said of *Other Voices, Other Rooms* that he felt a stranger to the book. Is this why it is unrepresented even by an extract? If so, why did he include his story *Miriam* which, in the same interview, he said he disliked?

He asks then to be considered without reference to two of his better works: the first novel and *The Grass Harp*, the first evidence of his humor. This collection begins with stories from *A Tree of Night:* the title piece, *Miriam, The Headless Hawk, Shut A Final Door, Children on Their Birthdays, Master Misery*. All of these are expeditions into a half-world inhabited by fantasy, mystery, formless evil, the world of Poe and E. T. A. Hoffmann which, chief among our contemporary writers, Southerners have explored. Without exception, these stories now seem thin and transparent, the work of a very young man very much in love with literature, very anxious to get into it himself, but with, as yet, little to say. His sophistication is gangly and adolescent, his ellipses are mere vacancies, his nameless evil is unconvincingly derivative when it is not Halloween prank.

The nightmare world can be a canvas for the artist who wants room for allegory or whose subjectivity is agonized into painful abstractions; it can also be an easy refuge for the young writer who has little to write about. The mind teems with echoes of books read rather than with life known, and fantasy often serves to conceal this. These stories of Capote's are fictions in an inferior sense. The resuscitation act of the carnival couple in the title story, the dream-buyer in *Master Misery*, are pat, limp symbols. The silent love and search of Vincent in *The Headless Hawk* are compounded of literary attitudes, reflections of certain modes of implication that were fashionable at the time. The Kafka-esque flight of Walter in *Shut A Final Door* does not frighten us because the voice on the telephone is decoration on a commonplace story of a heel; neither texture nor resonance prepares us to take the voice as anything more than the author's clever idea.

The prose of these stories is frequently bland as custard:

> "It was the kind of face one sometimes sees in paintings of medieval youths."
>
> "Decorating the walls were a trio of Toulouse-Lautrec prints, a framed circus poster, D. J.'s painting, photographs of Rilke, Nijinsky and Duse."

These are bad Somerset Maugham; non-insights straining to sound like the fruit of worldliness. The second quotation is a display of culture badges that smacks of S. J. Perelman.

More often the prose is "fine":

> "In the country, spring is a time of small happenings happening quietly, hyacinth shoots thrusting in a garden, willows burning with a sudden frosty fire of green, lengthening afternoons of long flowing dusk, and midnight rain opening lilac; but in the city there is the fanfare of organ-grinders, and odors, undiluted by winter wind, clog the air; windows long closed go up, and conversation, drifting beyond a room, collides with the jangle of a peddler's bell."

The facile figures, the lame virtuosity, the hollow antithesis, generate only sympathy for the writer's poignant eagerness. We feel that the hyacinths shoot and the willows burn and the afternoons lengthen like trained seals in a weary vaudeville act trotted out for a new wide-eyed young spectator; and when conversation collides with the jangle of a peddler's bell, it is time for the reader to look beneath the shiny verbiage for proof of true poetic light. Any college creative-writing class has a prize student who can match this kind of writing, image after self-satisfied image.

As for character creation and emotion-

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al reality, the note is still more pipingly ambitious.

> "He went back upstairs, and sat at his desk, and felt as though he were bleeding inside, and wished very much to believe in God."

What can such a passage make us feel other than a wish that the author would come back in ten years or so?

These stories, all written before Capote was 24, show a sense of form that is unusual at such an age, and a devotion to poetic goals so dogged that, as far as these stories can be read at all, it is out of respect for that devotion. But they are of small affective value. In the center of what is meant to be a horror-haunted cosmos we see, repeatedly, the author under a desk-lamp, scribbling away. (Schorer, who said recently that Miss Porter's novel is "suddenly, superbly here," says that these stories are "simply, dreadfully *there*.")

It was with *Breakfast at Tiffany's* (1958), made up of the title novella and three stories, that – to judge only by this anthology – Capote began to see enough of life and love to be more interested in his material than himself and to reveal the humor that now seems basic to him. (One of this group, *A Christmas Memory*, one of his few good short stories, appeared in a magazine in 1946, before his first collection.) *House of Flowers* has traces of the writer-tourist capitalizing on his travels, trying rather earnestly to think himself into the simplistic minds of the local peasantry, but it achieves some light Haitian grace, like a Geoffrey Holder painting. The best of this group, and to me his best piece of fiction, is the title novella. Placed in this present book between his earlier synthetic fiction and his later skillful reportage, it indicates that his strength in fiction is not in imagination but in acute observation, distilled and enriched with a point of view. The characters of Holly Golightly and of Mrs. Gershwin in *The Muses Are Heard* are depicted by, essentially, the same methods. Libel laws aside, real names might conceivably be affixed to every character in *Breakfast at Tiffany's* and the whole published as a report on Manhattan life in the war years.

If this is a restrictive comment, it is not meant to be condemnatory: because from her first appearance Holly leaps to life. Her dialogue has the perfection of pieces of mosaic fitting neatly and unassailably in place. The fey madness and extravagance, character qualities that easily throw fiction off the rails, always seem intrinsic, not contrived. Only when we sense that Capote is working on the material, when he forsakes observation for epitome, does the story falter; as in Holly's speech: "Never love a wild thing." At such rare moments Holly disappears briefly behind a cloud of self-consciousness. (Schorer cites this speech as, presumably, the high point of the tale. It *is* one of the points, but it would have been sharper if unhammered.)

This novella's similarities to Isherwood's *Sally Bowles* have often been noted. The difference is more revealing. Isherwood's story is quintessential social-political history. This is quite beyond Capote who, for all the war-time detail, delivers finally a relatively isolated portrait of a romantic figure in quest of the perennial romantic grail, utter happiness.

The last short story in the present book, *Among the Paths to Eden* (1960), confirms that Capote's fictional shortcomings are still with him. An encounter between an older man and woman in a cemetery, it shows that he still has his eager, unreliable appetite for the eccentric and is still unconvincing when he writes without a firm basis of first-hand observation.

The non-fiction section opens with three short travel sketches. (The incorrect Italian quotations in *Ischia*, which were permitted in its first book appearance, are preserved in this collection.) The feature of this section is *The Muses Are Heard*, Capote's chronicle for *The New Yorker* of the trip of the *Porgy and Bess* company to Leningrad in 1955 and their opening performance there. Up to now through this collection, there is a strong sense of a writer trying different roles, happiest thus far as the Dixie Dylan Thomas of *A Christmas Memory* and the Interborough Isherwood of Holly Golightly's story. As *The Muses* begins, the reader's heart sinks: he feels that the wandering Capote has found a home in the house-style of most *New Yorker* reporting. The first sentence is a classic of the long, fact-jammed opening sentence which that magazine has adopted, presumably in defiance of other magazines' socko starts, and which is now its own cliché. All through the first half of the narrative, which generally is no better or worse than a dozen *New Yorker* reporters could have done, we sense him struggling to sound like that magazine. He does not omit the airy barbarisms that often attend its style:

> "Horst Kuegler, a Berlin theater critic who, when he'd reviewed *Porgy and Bess* three years earlier (it was then appearing in Germany as part of the Berlin Music Festi-

Apologia

Of you at our party, dear, of her, of those
Who circled toasts and danced a generous measure,
Then laughed to separate and laughed to close,
And had a time exchanging gentle pleasure,

Of all that company I wanted much
To praise, including me, the good inside,
And, backing off, I gave up singling touch
To own them whole and from a dark aside.

But, friends, I found a thief on every hand
As though fond skin had bolstered a foreign make
Of beast whose every pawing stroke seemed planned
To find the combination and to take.

Dear one, somewhere between the lines above
I met myself returning pinched with love.

LEONARD E. NATHAN

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JULES FEIFFER

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val), had been so enthusiastic he'd gone to see it five times, now felt, seeing it again, that it was 'still full of energy and charm, though the production has deteriorated greatly'."

In Schorer's introduction he says that the single constant quality of Capote's prose is "the unerring sense of style." In this strenuous exertion to be a *New Yorker* writer, Capote demonstrates again that style is precisely what he does not have. What he has is an appetite for it, and this collection is patched with varying attempts to satisfy that appetite, to find the identity that must underlie any style.

But latterly in the first part of *The Muses Are Heard* and all through the second part, Capote shucks the *New Yorker* mannerisms and becomes again the author of *Breakfast at Tiffany's*, his most comfortable role to date. His account of the slugging he accidentally witnessed, of his drunken evening with a love-lorn Russian, his descriptions of the ballet and the government pawnshops ("with the going-gone sadness of auction halls") are Capote at his most percipient.

This second part is marred by the superfluous character identifications used when it appeared in the magazine a week after the first part; their inclusion here, as in its earlier book publication, is sheer sloth. And what shall one say of an author who claims to care about prose, who has said, "Call it precious and go to hell, but I believe a story can be wrecked by a faulty rhythm in a sentence," and then writes that Alexander Smallens "maestroed" every production of *Porgy*?

His interview with Marlon Brando is eagle-eyed – but only in an efficient *New Yorker* way that their better reporters could have duplicated. His concluding essay on Brooklyn Heights – written for *Holiday* in a manner quite different from his own pointillist travel pieces – proves yet once more that he is a literary actor, good only when he gets the right part. Capote's writing depends on which magazine commissions him or which author he is imitating. There is no clear personal imprint. The only generalization possible is that, so far, he is at his best with humorous observation.

Any collection or selection inescapably raises or lowers a writer's stature. Frank O'Connor collected is Frank O'Connor magnified; the posthumous William March collection quashed forever the underground murmur that he was a neglected major writer. This volume forces a re-assessment of Capote. The hothouse flowers of his early Gothic tales have withered; these now reveal ruthlessly that the heights of imagination and imagery he groped for in them are quite beyond him. (If his two novels had been included, they would have given the collection more substance without materially altering fundamental judgment. One dark and one whimsical boyhood tale, they are firmer in fabric than most of his short stories but are, ultimately, insignificant. *Other Voices, Other Rooms*, another memorial of maturation amidst Southern *bizarrerie*, is vastly inferior to similar works by Carson McCullers, Eudora Welty, and others. *The Grass Harp* is a painfully sentimentalized, artificial allegory.)

His fiction is strongest, most vital, when it resembles his best non-fiction. It is noteworthy that he is now at work on a long examination of a Kansas murder case. (Schorer, after saying that it will be "thoroughly unpredictable," predicts that "it will be the most remarkable change of all, and the most exciting.") Almost half of this collection is non-fiction; the book on which he has been engaged for some years is non-fiction. Perhaps he has recognized that his forte is in using his artistic abilities on factual material, and in that self-recognition may be the pleasant end of a search. For this collection is the record of a man trying out many voices in many rooms.

TELEVISION

Susskind and Sevareid

Let's look at a couple of high-level intellectual programs: David Susskind's *Open End*, now closed at two hours, and the first of the current CBS *The Great Challenge*, moderated by Eric Sevareid. A curious problem arises: how is it that, in the world of TV, important persons, sometimes knowledgeable and sometimes outspoken, ungagged and talking about an apparently lively issue, can be so dull?

Consider first the background tradition of these panels of intellectuals. Their grand-daddy is the Academic Convention, where experts discuss their new research and are questioned from the floor. Academic Conventions occasionally have intellectual value for the participants, but they also involve extensive socializing; ideas might arise over coffee. They are also slave-markets where prospective employees can be introduced and hopefully shine. The more immediate progenitor of the TV panel, however, is the ad hoc Conference called under some prestigious auspices to discuss a pressing problem like High School Drop-Outs or Aesthetic Responsibility in Manhattan. Now in my rather extensive experience of such do-good Conferences, they are largely pseudo-events. Their often wise conclusions will almost certainly be disregarded by those who make policy. Nevertheless the participants – who are Conference Bums, like Tennis Bums – often have a good game.

By the time we descend to the network TV panel, not only have the question-period, the coffee-hour and the slave-market vanished, but also the pressing problem has been immensely broadened to suit a mass audience in a Sunday mood. Mr. Susskind's guests discussed Threats to the Free Republic and Mr. Sevareid's guests discussed Education in the American Democracy. These are not issues on which thoughtful speakers can develop their views in fragmentary remarks dispersed over an hour or two interrupted by commercials. Especially if the participants have been chosen for excitement, because their views differ, they will hardly get beyond sophomoric contradicting, not helped if a live audience applauds little orations. If the program lasts only an hour, as is usual, five or even four guests are too many; three might work, but supposing two don't show?

Then there is that moderator who operates to keep the discussion on a

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level of "relevance" and generality, quite unlike the flow of intelligent talk; and to keep the discussants out of any *ad hominem* clash that might dramatically take over the show and break the format. Mr. Susskind and Mr. Sevareid ask their questions with earnest voices that elicit (in me) no belief that they especially care about those questions. The experts who attend a do-good conference presumably want to address the issue, even futilely, or they would not come; but here, one has the impression that they are all just being on TV. The show consists of personalities plus marketable controversy.

As a moderator, Susskind is more entranced with his role-playing – like an eager boy wooing grown-ups; Sevareid is more the masterful professional, in the know. Both try to provoke their guests with radical formulations. For example, after a routine introduction, Sevareid chooses the gambit: has there been a "change in the consensus about what education should be" toward "a more totalitarian concept, because of national danger?" All his five panelists silently avoid this extreme formulation and the talk quickly drifts away from it. Sevareid does not press it; either he doesn't much care or it was the phony gambit of a kibitzer. But intelligent conversation does not consist in attention-getting gambits.

The dullness of the Susskind show was remarkable in that three of his four panelists, Robert Hutchins, Harry Ashmore, and William O. Douglas made many strong statements that were *bona fide* out of their experience. Judge Douglas pointed out that "Research funds from the Pentagon have made the universities bland and unradical"; "The $50 billion war budget conditions the mind"; "In 1961 only one case came to the World Court"; "Forcing a witness publicly to invoke the Fifth Amendment is a revival of the medieval torture that the Amendment was meant to prevent"; "Documents are classified by petty bureaucrats at the bottom of the ladder to secure themselves from possible future complaints." (This last statement was interrupted by a playlet about Golden Showcase Facial Tissues.) Harry Ashmore, of *The Encyclopaedia Britannica,* said that he had "heard little but good of the FBI, but we hear terrifyingly little"; "The first responsibility of Public Relations in government

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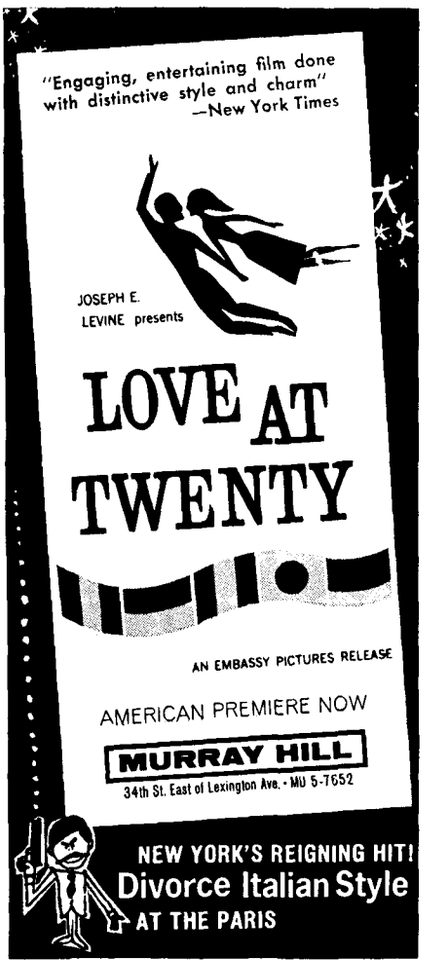
is to the source and not to the public; reporters are hopelessly outnumbered"; "The statement that the press ought to lie for national security met no indignant outcry"; "The investigation of Pacifica radio is a sophistry because it is really concerned with the programs; the First Amendment is consistently violated." *(Bold Masculine Provocative Wine, Taste the Excitement of Thunderbird!)* And Hutchins made his customary dour remarks that the vast sums poured into "Education" have no relation whatever to education. Why should not all this have seemed important?

These striking remarks were sporadically elicited by leading questions from Susskind in an interest-killing syntax, like "Do you think that the average American is sufficently aware of . . . ? Do you think that the Supreme Court ought to . . . ? Do you think it is the curse of an affluent society that it loses its dynamic?" No remark was followed up; one began to feel sorry for the formal interviewer pulling teeth.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After each commercial break he broached a new "topic" – mass-media, education, FBI, etc. – so nothing could catch on and go deeper; the program had to have a form and *had* to keep going. In two hours there was one *ad hominem* clash – Hutchins calling Professor James MacGregor Burns on a complacent remark about the colleges; it continued through all of a short sentence. There was one cut-in – Douglas correcting Burns on a point of history. No matter where the argument might seem to be leading, the moderator kept seeing to it that each speaker got an arithmetically fair share of the time. And the participants manifested no concern for themselves as a group in action, and no one referred to any other's work or position in the real world. Hutchins sat detached with his sweet rueful smile and chose to say little. Ashmore was the strongest, adopting a positive skepticism toward the proceedings and rather bitterly tossing out paragraphs like bones to a dog. (Without doubt both Hutchins and Ashmore would have been more effective if each had had an uninterrupted half hour without benefit of David.)

In nearly two hours of criticism, scarcely a single individual or institution was mentioned by name, though they threatened "The Free Republic." The critics offered neither practical remedies nor a call to arms. They seemed to say that our democratic form no longer has any substance, so why bother discussing it? The most electric moment was when a slow pan from face to face during one of David's blabs was suddenly cut to a vibrant montage of Helena Rubenstein's *Tintillate.*

I tuned in on "Education in the American Democracy" with especial interest since I had been asked to appear on the show, along with Governor Rockefeller; Henry Heald of the Ford Foundation; Francis Keppel, the new US Commissioner of Education; and Max Rafferty, California superintendent of public instruction just elected on an anti-progressive-education platform. Puzzled, I agreed to participate; a few days later CBS called to say that the panel was "unbalanced." "Oh, it's beautifully balanced," I said cheerily, "two horse's asses, two stuffed shirts, and me." The man said they thought I might think that, but would I change to March 3 instead. "What's that about?" I asked. He said, "The Individual in the American Democracy." "Ah, that's much less charming," I pointed out, "but I'll try to be myself and CBS will say, 'See, we encourage individuals on CBS'." "You have hit it!" said the man. This is the backstage of that world-of-TV.

In actuality, the "balanced" panel on February 3 proved to be Mary Bunting of Radcliffe, Rep. Peter Frelinghuysen, John Fischer of Columbia Teachers College, and Henry Heald and Max Rafferty as before. During the hour there was no remark of any interest, except Eric Sevareid's "totalitarian" gambit I mentioned earlier. The guests were spread in a wide arc facing the camera, so that exchange among them was not easy. At the focus of the arc, in a swivel chair, presided Mr. Sevareid, and he proved to be the most powerful figure. Teachers College pointed out that Progressive Education could not have ruined American youth as Rafferty claimed, because our boys won World War II and were making great missiles. But the main subject of discussion was whether the big Federal money should be given as a blank check or specifically earmarked. Dr. Fischer, like a loyal union man, wanted lots of money and no controls over his flock.

The only striking part of the hour was Rafferty's face. He kept making long set speeches from his electoral campaign – "Pragmatism under whatever mask it may hide" – from a mouth that made mechanical small bites like the puppet of a dinosaur in a children's cartoon-comic, and with a high and wide brow devoid of any wrinkle of perplexity, frown, or thought. His mind was long since made up. The Ford Foundation tended to sit back in his chair, until he could utter a few judicial, decision-making observations. *The Great Challenge* is called a symposium.

A thoughtful man is caught in a dilemma. If he declines to appear on such shows, he cuts himself off from the principal medium of our times; if he appears he is pretty sure to be snowed by the atmosphere and the format. Does anyone have any suggestions besides changing the auspices?

PAUL GOODMAN

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President Kennedy writes to **The Progressive**

on the struggle against racial segregation:

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The Anti-Establishmentarians

Despite the serio-comic efforts of Richard Rovere to uncover one, there is no American Establishment, only a changing guard of Influentials rising periodically from a multitude on the make. A true Establishment – based as it is on order, tradition, and hierarchy – exists independently of favor or fashion, but our power structure is a moving target which is always changing its outline.

The Establishment
by the Cast and Peter Cook
(Strollers Theater-Club)
School for Scandal
by Richard Brinsley Sheridan
(Majestic)
The Hollow Crown
devised by John Barton
(Henry Miller)
The Typists and *The Tiger*
by Murray Schisgal
(Orpheum)
Natural Affection
by William Inge
(Booth)

I mention this in partial explanation of why English satire is political and ours is not – since we have no ruling classes, there is never sufficient distance established between the electorate and its representatives. Instead of being isolated figures – objects of awe, veneration, or resentment – our politicians are almost indistinguishable from ourselves, and the gap is narrowing all the time. Truman and Eisenhower had the common touch; but even they were still invested somewhat with the mystique of office. With Kennedy, however, we finally have a President who hardly possesses any mystery at all. Slightly more aloof, personally, than his predecessors, he has, nevertheless, permitted his private life to be so widely publicized that he begins to seem as familiar as any other young executive of the upper-middle class, with a taste for outdoor exercise and a wife who likes culture. What can satire do, under these circumstances, except point up resemblances between the Kennedys and the rest of suburban America, as Vaughan Meader does in "The First Family"? But this is cultural rather than political satire, and (since the audience is implicated) it is terribly precious and bland. American political satire seems to cope effectively only with generals, Southern senators, and FBI agents – that is to say, with men who are either mad, moronic, or malevolent. Only extreme types are able to jar the satirist out of his political apathy into genuine indignation.

Fortunately for partisans of satire on great persons, the English have a ruling class which has survived all levelling democratic processes, though I am not sure it will survive its representation on the stage of the Strollers Theater-Club: *The Establishment* sends off a volley of grapeshot which leaves no political turn unstoned. The invisible mastermind of this review is its writer-producer, Peter Cook, a young man who impersonates Prime Minister Macmillan in *Beyond the Fringe.* And though *The Establishment* is both more radical and more uneven than its distinguished model, it obviously involves the same civilized discontents. Macmillan, once again, bears the heaviest burden of mockery. The most palpable hit is a filmed sequence in which the PM unwittingly satirizes himself, muddling through an extremely smug, confused, and halting speech; but his "razor-sharp mind" is exposed to much the same advantage in a murderous skit, modelled on *Advise and Consent,* where, palsied and gerontic, he attempts to deal with a homosexual (therefore potentially Communist) member of his government. Macmillan's regime is also blamed for the recent British humiliations in foreign policy: one sketch finds his cabinet minister, Peter Thorneycroft, reporting on his recent trip to Bermuda, justifying the CIA ("the Cuban Invasion Agency"), the Anglo-American "partnership" ("Mr. McNamara put forth his view as clearly and forcefully as he could – and I agreed with it"), and the advantage of having short-range Polaris missiles without the long-range

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Polaris submarine ("If there's ever any trouble in Scotland . . . !").

When the cast wearies of Macmillan, it turns to a number of related subjects, demonstrating, for example, the social advantages of a good Establishment accent ("crude compared to your system," notes the narrator, "which is based on money"). Proper diction helps you get away with murder, rape, and imposture, and was even useful to Christ, who is portrayed as an upper-class Englishman, crucified between two grumbling Cockneys ("You're the one who's getting all the vinegar sponges"). A long and rather labored sketch shows the Labour party trying to improve its fading image through advertising gimmicks and public relations slogans ("If you don't vote Labour, your genitals will fall off"); and an extremely funny one reveals Kenyatta, ostensibly being questioned about a football match, describing his ambition to be "perhaps the first Negro man to be Queen of England," while happily envisioning Buckingham Palace swimming in an ocean of blood.

The non-political sketches, though not necessarily the least effective, are the most derivative. One sequence, which owes its inspiration to Nichols and May, reveals the gauche, clumsy, and apologetic nature of upper-class courtship, as a boy and girl make intellectual small talk in preparation for a mutually embarrassing good night kiss. Some material employs the shock tactics of Lenny Bruce – particularly a filmed clip which shows all the gory details of stomach surgery, and turns out to be a cigarette commercial. And the songs owe a lot to Brecht and Weill: one affirming that all those who believe in justice, charity, love, and Man will go to the wall; another synchronizing conventional love lyrics with filmed shots of world violence and brutality, concluding with an explosion of the hydrogen bomb. The cast is young, good-humored in their savagery, and very talented in an unpolished sort of way; the writing is always literate and intelligent; and the atmosphere invokes that amiably jaded cynicism which has become the characteristic tone of the world's dissenting and disaffiliated young. Other items of interest in short takes:

School for Scandal: A very competent cast, headed by Sir John Gielgud and Sir Ralph Richardson; a handsome production; finely detailed direction (by Gielgud) in strict Georgian style – but the show fails to spark or crackle. Perhaps the play is at fault – only the auction and the screen scenes have any intrinsic dramatic interest. Perhaps we are finally getting a little bored with Establishment acting, professional and assured though it may be. No performance, with the possible exception of Richardson's Teazle, goes beyond the actor's known capabilities, and soars.

The Hollow Crown: A staged reading, gleaned from chronicles, histories, and the writings of the monarchs themselves, about the kings and queens of England from William I to Victoria. The cutoff date (1901) provides some clue to the weakness of the piece; it is all remembered glory, postured and self-congratulatory. In *Between the Acts*, Virginia Woolf's Miss Trobe had a better climax for this sort of historical pageant. She turned mirrors on the audience, which retired in panic while a stuck record jabbered, "Dispersed are we."

The Typists and *The Tiger:* A relaxed pair of skits which permit Eli Wallach and Anne Jackson to do some good husband and wife acting in the manner of the Cronyn-Tandy *Fourposter*. The author, Murray Schisgal, has a pleasant sense of whimsey and a good ear for platitudes, but his plays lack sinews. Still, he is obviously a writer for the theater, which makes him a semi-precious stone in an age of Confederate money.

Natural Affection: After the first act, I stopped thinking this a perfectly wretched realistic play, and began regarding it as a monstrous chimera proceeding from a heat-oppressed brain. William Inge, formerly the sweetheart of the old ladies in the mezzanine, has climaxed his story of adultery, homosexuality, alcoholism, incest, nymphomania, and juvenile delinquency with a scene in which a boy stabs a woman he believes to be his mother, has intercourse with the corpse, and then drinks a carton of milk. How do you like them there apples? The scene has the same evil fascination as the climax of *'Tis Pity She's a Whore*, where Giovanni enters with his sister's heart on his dagger. It is theater of cruelty with a vengeance, the only disturbing thing being that Inge obviously believes it to be a credible psychological study.

ROBERT BRUSTEIN

Correspondence

"Scientific" Racism – A Reply

Sirs:

In view of the two attacks upon my book *Race and Reason* made by Donald C. Simmons (*NR*, September 10, 1962, and January 5, 1963), and the fact that the second attack includes *The Biology of the Race Problem* by W. C. George which the National Putnam Letters Committee has distributed widely, a few comments on my part are perhaps in order.

The first few paragraphs in Simmons' latest effort omit any attempt at the presentation of evidence and confine themselves to words such as "nonsense" and "absurdity." Then he offers the reader a comparison of Negro male and White female brains in a sampling

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which he does not identify, the comparison showing the Negro male brains to be heavier than the White female brains. Had he read *The Biology of the Race Problem* with any care he would have found the following statement on page 61: "Brain size is not the only measure of intelligence. The relative size of parts of the brain and the relative sulcification (grooving) of the cortex are involved and the microscopic structure as well. The essential point here is that, *other things being equal,* and considering higher animals in general perspective, the larger the brain relative to body size, the greater the intelligence." He would have noted especially the phrase, "relative to body size" and would have remembered that, aside from other factors, the bodies of women average smaller than those of men. Finally, he would have observed that in the classic comparisons by Bean and Connolly sex was taken into consideration.

In other words, Simmons here offers nothing whatever to contradict the findings in Section IV of *The Biology of the Race Problem,* namely, that on the average the White brain is not only heavier than the Negro's but (which is of more importance) the White frontal lobes are relatively larger and more sulcified. Also in Section IV, Pennfield, Halstead and Brodmann document the importance of the latter differences as indicators of evolutionary development.

No amount of talk about environment by left-wing scientists can change the fundamental facts. If these scientists dislike the samplings of Bean, Connolly and Vint, which varied from 30 brains in some cases to 165 in others, let them produce samplings of their own. They have most of the money and could easily arrange further tests. Well might we ask why they have not already done so, but the answer is simple: they do not dare. They know that with proper controls to assure against bias in selection and interpretation, the results would be equally fatal to their point of view. Nor let us be deceived by their efforts to brush this failure aside as unimportant. The point is crucial. Either the Negro's limitations are innate or they are not. This evidence settles the matter.

Simmons moves from brain studies to intelligence tests and cites the long discredited Klineberg comparisons. In these studies Klineberg took Negroes from the four highest ranking northern states and compared them with Whites from the four lowest-ranking southern states. It goes without saying that if we give an above-average Negro a good education he will do better than a below-average White whose education has been poor. Wherever you have overlapping statistical distributions, the top of one will always exceed the bottom of the other. This is not the point at issue. The question is whether, given comparable opportunities, the average Negro's capacity is equal to the average White's, and the answer has invariably been no. In the Alpha tests which Klineberg distorted, the average White score for the nation was 59, that of the average northern Negro 39, and that of the average Negro in the best northern state, Ohio, 49.5. The White score in Ohio was 67. This is the decisive point where racial amalgamation is concerned. And as for the quotation from the SPSSI, "... the more comparable the background of White and Negro groups, the less the difference in intelligence," if the reader will turn to the *American Psychologist* magazine for May 1962 he will find that Dr. Henry Garrett answered that statement by showing that there have been six studies on the subject and *all* of them contradict the SPSSI.

Simmons next produces a study which he says discloses that no difference can be detected between White and Negro infants at 40 weeks of age, and that consequently all differences thereafter must be attributed to socio-economic factors. But the lower centers of the brain and nervous system, in human beings and in animals, are the ones which mature first; the higher centers mature last. Therefore similarity of performance in the initial stages of life signifies nothing as regards adult potentiality.

Our Connecticut assistant professor proceeds to confuse the reader by treating the invention of an alphabet and of a system of writing as the same thing. It is true that only the Phoenicians invented an alphabet as we understand it. Many peoples have invented a system of writing. The Negro never invented either.

I pass quickly over the matter of equality in the nature of religious be-

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liefs. Simmons here indulges in the typical and inexcusable equalitarian procedure of comparing the norm – or the best – of one with the worst of the other. The average Western European does not fondle snakes as a part of his worship.

Finally Simmons comes to Carleton Coon's *The Origin of Races* and criticizes his material concerning the controlled use of fire. When a young man in Simmons' position says concerning the President of the American Association of Physical Anthropologists, a Viking Medal winner and creator of the world-renowned Museum of Man, that "I am unconvinced by his data" the reader may well raise an eyebrow. Dr. Coon comments as follows on the search for evidence of fire in African deposits: "It is not for want of searching that fire has not been found earlier [than 40,000 years ago]. One large open-air camp in which human beings lived time and again for long periods has no trace of charcoal or ash. This is the East African site of Olorgesaile, excavated by Lewis Leakey. He was looking for traces of fire and could not find them." If Simmons "knows of no other anthropologist who has yet seen fit to agree with Dr. Coon on this point," let him produce one who has found traces.

But, again typically, Simmons dodges the main point of Coon's work, concerning which the controlled use of fire is merely supporting evidence. A survey of fossil remains indicates that White *Homo sapiens* made the transition from *Homo erectus* 200,000 years ahead of the Negro. Simmons offers no evidence to contradict this. And of course Coon's material confirms the morphological and other findings of Bean, Connolly and Vint.

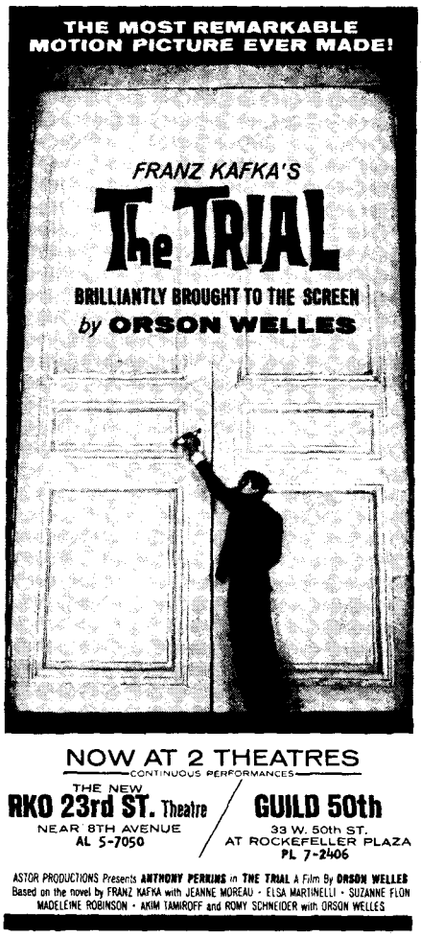
Carleton Putnam
McLean, Va.

Le secret du général

Sirs:

May I ask you to publish the following paragraph of my article (February 2) which you titled "Government by Disdain." (The French title was: "le secret du général.") The omission of this paragraph seriously distorted the significance of my comment.

". . . As regards the candidacy of Great Britain to the Common Market, General de Gaulle is supported by a fraction of French opinion. During the Brussels negotiations and recently at the Bahamas meeting, Great Britain did appear more Atlantic than European, even when represented by statesmen who declared themselves to be European. The Common Market, if Great Britain followed by his partners of EFTA entered it today, will be no more what it wanted to be; an economic unity, tending towards a close integration, similar to the integration of one nation. An agreement between the Common Market, Great Britain, the Commonwealth and the United States is indispensable, but such an agreement does not imply the immediate enlarging of the European community, with all the risks of dilution which this enlargement brings. And France, having started to produce atomic weapons, cannot abandon the established program before the first results of it have been achieved." *Raymond Aron*
Paris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